THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poem.

SONG OF THE ALP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY J. B. TAYLOR.

I sit aloft on my thunder throne,
And my voice of dread the nations own
As I speak in storm below!
The valleys quake in their breathless fear,
When I hurl in wrath my icy spear
And shake my locks of snow!
High in a purer and brighter air
I lift in pride my forehead bare,
And the lengthened sweep of my forest-robe
Trails down to the low and curtained globe,
Till its borders touch the dark green wave
In whose soundless depths my feet I lave.
How the vassal mountains quiver,
As the avalanche bounds with a tiger's wrath!
How the gray old pine-trees shiver
When the storm sweeps by on its Alpine path!
The clouds like a warrior-band arise
And wheel aloft through the gloomy skies,
While the lightning-banners wide are swung
And the arrowy bolts of the tempest flung!
Rocks from their caverned beds are torn
And the blasted forest to heaven is borne;
High through the din of the stormy band,
Like misty giants the mountains stand,
And their thunder-revel o'er sounds the woe
That cries from the desolate vales below!
I sit unmoved till it passes by,
Then rend the curtain that shrouds the sky
And drive the storms to their cavern'd lair
And breathe on the earth a gentler air,
Till sunshine laughs in the sheltered glen
And joy returns to the homes of men!

I wear a crown of the sunbeam's gold,
With glacier-gems on my forehead old—
A monarch crowned by God!
What son of the servile earth may dare
From my kingly brow that crown to tear,
Or stand at my wrathful nod?
For I have ruled since Time began
And wear no fetter made by man.
I scorn the coward and craven race
Who dwell around my mighty base,
For they leave the lessons their fathers gave
And bend to the yoke of the crouching slave.
In the torrent's voice I thunder
The words of freedom they will not hear,
And the tyrants tremble under,
As that summons strikes on the startled ear!
They dare not stand on my lofty crest,
For I stifle the pride in the haughty breast
And I speak to the wronged and injured soul,
Till its manhood bursts from the dark control
And wakes the land with a lip of flame,
Whose kindled spirit no arm can tame.
I spoke to Tell when a foreign hand
Lay heavy and hard on his native land,
And that glorious flame which he caught from me,
Blasted the foe—and the hills were free!
The student-boy on the Gmunden-plain
Heard my trumpet-voice, but he fought in vain;
I called from the crags of the Passeir-glen,
When the despot stood in my realm again,
And Hofer sprung at the proud command
And roused the men of the Tyrol land!

But a loftier glory yet I own,
Than the storms which break on my mighty throne
Or the words I breathe to man,
When the pride of his spirit speaks in vain
And he pines in the despot's cankering chain
And frets to break his ban!
The finger of God on my brow is pressed—
His spirit beats in my giant breast—
My torrents speak of His presence dread
As they leap in foam from their icy bed,
And the solemn awe that my summits bear
Bids the doubting spirit confess Him there!
And the ear shrinks back in terror,
That hears no sound but which earth may claim,
And the eye that looked on error
Turns blinded back from my glance of flame!
Vain are their earth-born fancies now,
For the might of Eternity clothes my brow!
But to him who comes with an humbled pride
To muse alone on my lofty side,
I breathe the trust of a love sublime
That like me, defies the conqueror Time,
And bid him go onward to reach the goal,
Where the laurel of triumph shall crown the soul!
A monarch, a regent of God am I,
And thence I look from the free, blue sky
Below, where the props of my throne are driven,
Like a giant guarding the way to heaven!
I looked on man at creation's birth,
And ever, till ruin wraps the Earth,
Will I thunder down to her fettered sod
The words of Freedom and of God!

Original Tales.

THE SCULPTOR'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale of Philadelphia.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"No longer she wept, her tears were a'spent,
Despair it had come, and it found her content;
It found her content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she drooped like a lily broke down by the gale."
Ballad of Auld Robin Gray.

INTRODUCTION.

In the northwestern part of the city of Philadelphia there used to stand, and until very recently still stood, an antiquated mansion, which from our earliest recollections was untenanted, and deserted. It was an old square building, which in these times of stately palaces, would be estimated as of moderate dimensions—but which, in "the times of our fathers," when it was no doubt reared, was considered large and magnificent. Its architecture was of olden style, with high arched windows, long projecting eaves, and a roof that ran up from each of the four sides almost to a point. It was built with a hall running through the centre after the English fashion, with parlor and drawing-room on either side. A flight of marble steps ascended to the spacious door-ways, either at the front or back of the house, with the only difference that the back was steeper and shaded by a row of poplars; whilst in front a noble buttonwood of gigantic dimensions spread its brawny arms around. Immediately in the centre of a large lot of ground, which had evidently once been a garden, the old mansion stood, and here, on Saturday afternoons, with our schoolmates, we were wont to meet, and sport and frolic in our boyish glee.

Beneath the very old and venerable buttonwood of which we have spoken, and surrounded by those very companions of our youth, did we listen to the relation of the history that follows.

An old and venerable man, whom we had often noticed leaning upon his staff near the gate which gave entrance to our play-ground, and who, for hours together, would stand gazing upon the old mansion, and at us, who in our noisy revelry would make its deserted chambers echo to our merry voices, one day at our pressing solicitations, entered, and, seating himself upon the mossy steps, related to us the following tale, which we have taken the liberty to present in our own way.

CHAPTER I.

It was the interior of the humble studio of Signor Alvaresa. Around its walls were ranged busts and heads of exquisite finish, with models, half and full-length, whose beauty of execution displayed a mind and talents of no common order in the artist, lowly and unexalted as his station was. But in the centre of the apartment stood that which made the sculptor's heart swell with pride, and riveted the eye of the beholder to its gracefulness of outline, and its beauty of design. It was a master's piece, and consisted of two figures, representing a lover imprinting a kiss upon his mistress's cheek—the first kiss of love! Nothing could surpass the exceeding tenderness of tone imparted to the almost breathing features of this bright creation of the artist's magic chisel—the symmetry of form—the matchless proportions—and truthfulness of position. One fancied they could almost see the bosom heave, and the eyes flash, with the emotions of the tender passion, so life-like and real did they seem.

But there were two figures near by, who seemed scarcely more animated with the spirit of life than the cold and rigid marble before them, if we except the eloquent expression of admiration that flashed from their eyes, or the slight movement of their lips, as though they would have spoken of its merits, yet more spell-bound with its beauties. The one was a young gentleman, of perhaps five and twenty years, with a fine form and face, which latter would have been handsome, had it not been for a certain voluptuousness of expression, that ever and anon, would glide across it, like a dark cloud over a bright summer's sun. He wore a dark moustache upon his upper lip, and whiskers upon his cheeks, whilst his hair which was of a dark chesnut brown, and slightly curling, was thrown back from his brow, displaying a forehead of the most intellectual order. He was dressed in the extreme fashion of the day, and was evidently a man of fortune and affluence.

The other was Alvaresa himself. He was the elder by some twelve or fourteen years, although the furrows upon his once smooth and noble brow, and the silvery sprinkling of his once jetty locks, gave him the appearance of one more advanced in years. He was about the middle size, square built, and had no doubt in his youth been a muscular man. His features were not of the most regular kind, yet he had undoubtedly been handsome, for there were yet traces in his well-shaped mouth, his slightly Roman nose, and full speaking eyes, now fiery and flashing, now mild and placid as an infant's—and his forehead of most ample dimensions, which spoke to the beholder of a mind great and powerful. Divested of a slightly sorrowful expression, that ever dwelt thereon, his was a face once seen never to be forgotten—one of that kind which becomes at once impressed upon our memory.

"A few more slight touches here, and there," pointing as he spoke to the places indicated, "and 'tis finished, sir. What think you of it?" And the sculptor folded his arms upon his breast, and awaited the reply.

"What think I? By Venus and by Mars, 'tis grand, magnificent, superb! Why, know you, Signor, could but this hand create such sculptured nymphs as this, I would abjure all flesh and blood, and take to loving marble—for they are dumb, and could not scold when love would grow neglectful."

A shadow as of pain flitted over the artist's face, as his companion spoke, but it vanished again in an instant.

"What do I think?" he continued. "Why that I were niggard of the wealth I'm master of, did I not make you pay the double of your price. Such works deserve reward!"

"I thank you, sir—I thank you warmly, too. 'Tis not unwelcome that the artist finds some liberal hearts in man, yet not for the reward of pay alone, does he put forth his utmost energies, for each succeeding touch his work receives, but further banishes aught else but his enthusiastic love of art."

"It may be so; naught know I of this. But this I know, thy work doth far exceed my expectations. In the same ratio you shall be repaid."

The sculptor bowed.

"But tell me, Signor, why in all your female heads—I mean your fancy works—however they differ in their features' caste, the same expression's traced?"

"Think you 'tis so?" the sculptor said, half musing, "well, it may be; the hand doth fashion what the heart doth prompt, for in the heart doth live the will to do, without which nothing is done; then, when one passion greater than the rest exists within man's breast, it colors all his acts."

"And this one passion, Signor, in your own?"

"'Tis my parental love!"

"What! then you have a child?"

"I have—an only one," and from the sculptor's eye a tear stole down that could not be restrained.

"She must be all a father's heart could wish; yet you do weep."

"Alas! sir, she is dumb!"

He turned away that he might hide his deep emotion.

"Yet she must be most lovely, is she not?" continued his companion.

"Aye—and as gentle, too," was the reply.

"I fain would see her, Alvaresa, if you will, to note if you have done your model justice."

"You shall. This way, sir, if you please," and stepping to a door which opened from the studio, they entered a small though neatly furnished apartment.

The young man started involuntarily at the vision of loveliness that burst upon him. There, beside a little work-table, engaged with her needle, sat the object of the sculptor's fond affection—the being for whom he would have given his life, ere the winds should visit her cheek too roughly,—the flower he had reared and watched, and whose expanding beauties, both of mind and body, now repaid him for his care and attention. Well might he love her for her personal charms, and feel a pride that she did call him father. Her form, which was about the middle height, was full and rounding, without approaching to grossness, which her simple dress of snowy white fitted with exquisite neatness; and from beneath peeped out the prettiest little foot eyes ever beheld. She wore no ornaments save a ring upon the small taper fore-finger of her left hand, and a small diamond brooch in the bosom of her dress—both relics of days gone by—of better days. Her neck, smooth and unblemished by scar or freckle, was exquisitely moulded, and supported a head that in contour and developments was indeed a worthy model for the sculptor's genius. Her soft glossy hair, which in hue resembled that of her father, black as the raven's wing, was parted over a forehead broad and noble, and was gathered up behind, from whence it fell in rich clusters of shining curls, even to her very shoulders. Her features were faultless, even to perfection; the lips slightly curling, but not to haughtiness, and in their tint resembling the brightest coral. Her eye brows were beautifully arched, and most delicately pencilled on a brow like polished ivory; and her eyes shaded by long fringing lashes, were of that dark deep blue, so intense, so transparent that it seemed as if you could look in them, and gaze upon the very soul itself—the gentle, loving, trusting soul that gave them that bewitching softness, that expression of almost angelic sweetness. Her complexion was of the most clear olive—such a complexion as a daughter of sunny Italy only could have—and through which the tiny veins of blue could be distinctly traced, as the rich flood would almost seem to burst when the blush of maiden shyness overspread her cheek.

Such was Alvaresa's daughter, over whom the balmy winds of eighteen summers had just passed. Could it be that such a perfect embodiment of loveliness and grace was destitute of the power of speech? Alas! it was too true. Strange was it that the father wept when he looked upon her. Who could have gazed upon her sweet face, and not have felt regret!

She arose as they entered, and, with a deep blush at the presence of a stranger, returned the salutation of her father's companion.

"Juliet," said the sculptor, for she was not deprived of the sense of hearing, "bring us some wine."

She left the apartment, but returned immediately with the desired article, and placing it upon the table near which they had seated themselves, retired from the room.

"By Jove, Signor!" exclaimed his patron in an excited tone, "I no longer wonder at your work's perfection, for with such a pattern it could be no less."

A smile as of satisfied parental pride lit up the usually clouded features of Alvaresa; it would have been a frown could he have read the soul before him.

"Such form, such symmetry, such features! Were I a father and possessed a child like her, I would feel blessed indeed. Come, with your leave, we'll drink to her—to Juliet, was it not."

"The sculptor nodded, and they filled and drank.

"But now I must away," he continued, "for I have engagements to fulfil, and night is drawing on."

Accompanied by the artist, he retraced his steps through the studio, and was soon in the streets.

CHAPTER II.

After a walk of about half an hour, the person whom we have introduced as the patron of Signor Alvaresa, reached his home. It was the mansion described by us in our introduction. But a different looking place was it then, both in the interior and without. The surrounding grounds were tastefully laid out in beds of rare flowers, intersected by gravel walks, whose many windings terminated at the base of some noble tree, whose spreading foliage rendered a grateful shade; or led to arbors romantically constructed, of grapes or honey-suckle, or both united, and which here and there dotted the grounds, like rustic cottages in some country village. Statues, and other specimens of sculpture, adorned wherever situation offered, and an extensive "hot house," at the western extremity, was filled with shrubs and plants, natives of foreign soils, whose delicate natures even our genial summer time was not compatible with. Over the hall doors, of which we have spoken, were frames of trelliced work, supporting vines and the tendrils of the cluster-rose, whose abundance of blossom gave it a beautiful appearance. At the time we write of, the neighborhood was not, as at present, densely settled, but a few houses only were scattered here and there over fields that presented surfaces of unbroken greenness, save where the buttercups, in all their golden beauty, intermingled with the soft silky grass, forming a pleasing contrast.

But if the difference in the exterior was so great then, from what it was in more modern days, how much greater was it in the interior? The gloomy and deserted apartments, in which every footfall awakened a strange and most ghost-like echo, were *then* bright and pleasant—and the naked walls, which the dust and cob-webs of many years had altered from their original whiteness to a dirty grey, were then adorned by massive mirrors and costly paintings, whose heavy frames of gilt gave them a still more magnificent appearance;—more especially the parlor and drawing room, which were situated immediately opposite each other on either side the hall, and whose other furniture corresponded in costliness of finish. The dining room, which was immediately back of the drawing room, and that library which was its antipode, or in the rear of the parlor, were also furnished in a style that accorded with the taste and means of the wealthy owner. It must not be supposed that that style was in resemblance any thing like the fashion of our day, although the claw-feet tables, the strait-back mahogany chairs, the brass-nail sofas, and the formidable walnut secretaries were then of the latest European mode.

Of the master of the mansion, Mr. Graham, as he was called by his tenants, (for he was a landed proprietor) or Edmund Graham, Esq., as was his title by courtesy, or plain Ned Graham, as he was familiarly designated by the "fellows" of his particular acquaintance—a brief sketch will suffice. He was a good looking young man, as we have before said, a great favorite of the fashionable world, probably because he was a known libertine; the inheritor of a princely fortune, which had descended from his father, an esteemed and respected merchant of a good English family, and a patron of the fine arts. He was an orphan, alone in the world, without brother or sister, kith or kin, and yet there were those who would have sworn their souls away for his sake, so dear was the tie—the *golden* tie!—that bound them to him. And of such friends did he not neglect to avail himself as instruments to effect the gratification of those passions, that alas! had not been restrained in youth, and which had become deep rooted in manhood. It is true he was young in years, but he was old in a knowledge of the world. A finished education had strengthened a mind naturally acute, and which might have been an honor to its possessor, had there been an incentive to exertion, but the possession of an immense fortune that awaited him at his majority precluded this, and only facilitated or fostered those grosser passions of a nature which had never known restraint. Early mingling with society, and being a close observer of human nature, he was now, at the age to which he had arrived, a perfect adept in all the impulses and weaknesses of the heart of man.

A knowledge of this he had displayed when in the presence of the sculptor he had lavished those praises upon his work, but more especially upon his daughter, and also the tact with which he had taken his departure so soon after; a longer stay than which might have excited suspicion.

Ascending the steps and passing through the hall he entered the library. He threw himself into a chair, and for some fifteen minutes or more sat as if in deep thought. It had grown quite dusk, and a lamp which had been lighted previously to his entrance, shone upon his countenance and threw his features into a strange relief, giving even a demoniac expression.

"She must be mine!" he muttered, "she must be mine. De Courcy was right—he did not lie—she is a splendid girl."

He paused a moment as if relapsing into thought again.

"And the old man," he continued, "I managed him nicely. I could see his pride swelling when I praised her, as plainly as though I could read his heart. Well, she *is* worth loving: she *must* be mine. But how to obtain possession of the prize—how to pluck the flower unseen: there's the point."

And leaning back in his chair he again paused.

There was a silence of a few moments, and then the echo of footsteps in the hall, accompanied by the voice of a servant exclaiming—"Dis way if you please—dis way, sar."

The door was flung open, and a young man, dressed in the extreme fashion of the day, entered.

"How d'ye do, my dear fellow, how d'ye do?" he exclaimed, swaggering into the room and hitting Graham familiarly on the back with the palm of his hand.

"Good evening, Mr. De Courcy—your most obedient, sir," returned the other, with a mock air of courtesy, as he arose from his seat and offered the guest his chair—"Pray be seated."

"Thank you; but don't stand on ceremony," said De Courcy, affecting the same demeanor, and then breaking out into a loud laugh, he exclaimed, "well, I like that exceedingly, I do. Ha, ha, ha. But I say, Ned, how did you succeed? did you see her?—the cherub, the angel, the houri."

"Indeed I did, and for once I must say Dick de Courcy did not exaggerate: but spoke the plain truth."

"Now don't, I beg of you—you are complimentary."

"Not at all, I assure you: I detest flattery in any shape. But drolleries aside, Dick, I am at a loss how to cage the bird. I shall be compelled to consult with my *talented friend*, Richard de Courcy."

"There, now, you're at it again: however, sensible people are proof against such attacks. Besides you are over head and ears in love—I mean enamored—with this fair Signora, and of course are a little beside yourself. Well, thank fortune, I am proof against a fair face and form, and therefore I can act very disinterestedly in the matter. How did you succeed in the introduction though? you haven't told me yet."

Graham then related to him the substance of what we have given in the preceding chapter.

"But how the deuce," said he, when he concluded, "how the deuce did you discover this jewel, when I, who visited the studio every week for a year—ever since he commenced the work for me—never set my eyes upon it before to-day?"

"Quite naturally, I assure you," replied Dick, "like to see pretty women, though don't like much to do with them. Walking along the street—saw her come out of Saint, Saint, Saint Something's Chapel—forget the name—goes every evening—watched where she went—wanted to oblige a friend—come and told you."

"Thank you; I feel indebted to you."

"Don't mention it, my dear fellow, don't mention it."

"You say she goes to vespers every evening—is she unattended?"

"Generally."

"Then we can manage the affair very easy. First of all we will try gentle means. I will fall in with her, *accidentally*, as she is returning home; beg leave to escort her safely thereto, and so forth; repeat the civility pretty often; disclose my love to her and persuade her to elope. If she will not consent, then you know the alternative."

"Just so. But come, Ned, it is time we should be on our way to the theatre; let us go at once."

And taking their hats and canes they passed forth toward Chesnut Street.

CHAPTER III.

When the sculptor had closed the door, after Graham's departure, he stood for some moments with folded arms, gazing upon his work, now so nearly completed.

"At length," said he, and a triumphant smile played over his countenance, "I have found one true soul to appreciate my labors. One, too, who is able to reward them, and whose approbation is worth, perhaps, a fortune to whom it is extended. Who knows, de Alvaresa, but thou mayest yet return to native Italy a Prince in point of wealth. Oh, it would be most sweet revenge on those who scorned thee when thou wast poor and friendless!"

He crossed the room and sat himself down in a chair beside the window, and looked forth into the street. The twilight was thickening, and threw a kind of mist around the objects and forms that were continually passing and repassing, for the street was thronged with people. Rich and poor, old and young, were jostling one another along. Some hurrying from the bustle and business of the day to their quiet homes, some to the temples of religion, whose bells of solemn tone rung out upon the air with a soothing influence, others to the subtle pleasures of the intoxicating cup, and others to the unhallowed precincts of the gaming saloon; whilst the carriages of the affluent and wealthy rolled glittering by, bearing their gay freights to the theatre or the route.

As the gloom increased the mighty tide of human forms gradually grew less and less strong, until at length it ceased almost entirely the hum and din of life died slowly away into comparative silence, broken only now and then by the distant roll of a vehicle, or the strains of music that came borne on the night air from Vauxhall; the windows of the houses were closed one by one, and the lights from the stone windows also disappeared: and the moon, which had already mounted above the house tops, now threw its light into the room near where the sculptor sat.

There is a soothing, sweet, and solemn influence in the hour of twilight, that steals over our souls with a mysterious power. Day pauses on the threshold of night, and with it seems to linger and halt the spirit, pondering upon the scenes and things that *were*, looking back upon the dim, the misty past. And then like the phantasma of a dream *they pass before us*—the well beloved, the long, long lost. One by one they come, with tread as light and echoless as angels, yet in the fashion of their face and form as life-like as of yore—and this the strong small circle in the fount of memory, where fancy casts in thought. It spreads; and they became a cold and pallid hue, like tombstones wear in moonlight—not startling, but ghostly, hinting vaguely of the grave and death! Increasing still in space, yet growing faint and weak, they wear a guise of right and holy seeming, such as we ascribe to beings pure, that haunt the realms of boundless space and untold loveliness; and still they fade, and grow ethereal, and melt away, and carry up our thoughts, up, up, even to the blazing portals of the Heaven in which they do abide; and bold imagination, shrinking back, falls blinded down to earth, its native sphere, with startling suddenness. Thus breaks the circle, for the force is spent: again the water's calm.

Thus, wrapped no doubt in airy wakening dreams, the sculptor sat, and thus, no doubt, they broke, for starting from his seat he gazed around as if amazed that he was in his studio. At length he moved towards the little parlor door, and opening it, he entered.

A lamp was burning on the table and near by sat Juliet, her cheek resting upon her hand, and her head reclining against the cushioned back of the easy chair in which she sat. The eyelids were closed—the features were in repose—the lips slightly opened, displaying a glimpse of the pearly treasures within—and heaving with every inspiration the full and swelling bosom that lay within the boddice. She slept. Calm and even was that sleep, save once, when on her countenance there played a smile, and then her cheeks grew deeper in their rosy tint, and the breath came quick and tremulous, as if the heart was fluttering, could it be that she was dreaming of her father's patron? Had she overheard his exclamations—his admiration of her beauty? and had her woman's heart been touched?

"Good angels guard her!" said the sculptor, as he gazed upon her.

For some moments he stood regarding her, then softly moving across the floor he again paused beside her.

"My child!" he murmured, with a look of deep affection. "How beautiful! how lovely! So like thy mother, too—so gentle, and so good. Heaven does bear me witness how I love thee, Juliet, even as thy mother loved me—she, the noble daughter of a haughty race, loved the poor sculptor. Alas! she too, does sleep, but 'tis the dreamless sleep—the time-enduring trance, that breaks but at the dawn of the Eternal Day. Thou art the only tie that binds me to this earth; for thee I would win honor and renown, and wealth: oh, may that brow be ever thus, unmarked by care—that bosom, ever free from sorrow."

He stooped to kiss her cheek. She started and awoke. A bright smile broke over her face, like sunbeams over the sleeping earth at morn. She arose, and throwing her arms around his neck, pressed her lips to his with childish playfulness, then observing the solemnity of his countenance, passed her soft hand adown his face as if to indicate her wish to smooth away his grief. He shook his head, and passing his arm around her waist, drew her gently toward a window that looked out upon the little garden in the rear of their humble dwelling, which was not, as on the sides, hemmed in by neighboring houses.

"Look you, Juliet," said he, "yon silvery moon that is gilding spire and dome with its rich flood of light, and those countless myriads of shining orbs that spangle the vast Heavens of intense blue—blue as thine own bright eyes—look also down on our beloved Italy—aye! they have watched above the grassy mound where rests thy mother. Thou dost remember her, my daughter?"

She raised her eyes in which the tears were springing, and gazing in his face, placed her hand with an expressive motion on her heart.

"Aye, in thy heart! so lives she in mine own."

There was a silence of a few minutes, and then he said, abruptly,

"We may look on it, too, my girl, some time; we will if we do live." And as he spoke his features brightened up with hope's illumining smile. The patronage of him thou hast seen to-day with me is worth to me a mine. His is a noble soul."

Again the blood rushed to the maiden's cheek: it *might* have been the gratitude she felt, for raising her clasped hands towards Heaven, she seemed to bless him who she deemed so good. It mattered not to her, nor did she ask how, but his notice could be worth so much; enough, if he was called her father's friend, he must be worthy of her most profound respect. Her father's words, "his is a noble soul," fell not on ears unheeding: far better if they had!

"How I have toiled and worked—how looked ahead to the blessed time when we should happily retrace our steps back to our native land—not as we left it, child, ah! no—but rich in this world's goods, that we might have revenge—that thou mightest take thy station in the world which well befittest thee. At first the skies seemed dark, but now the clouds begin to break away, and sunny beams of cheering ray break forth, that sends new energy through this frame with quickening impulse."

He paused, and waving her hand, she clung still closer to her parent.

"Aye, thou dost not require this," he continued, "but thou art acquainted with the world, my daughter—how it courts the rich but spurns the poor. God grant that thou mayest never know the curse,—the bitter curse of very poverty. It is the crime more pointed at that even the foul stain of damning murder, howe'er so dark it be."

A deep silence ensued, and the sculptor and his daughter stood gazing forth wrapt in meditation.

Who might analyze the secret inmost thoughts that were passing through those minds? Who?

Who might paint those glowing promises that imagination was holding up, perhaps, to Alvaresa's vision; or that strange, undefinable sensation which thrilled within the breast of Juliet? Promises that were destined never to be fulfilled; sensations, if such there were, that pleasant now, would some time turn to pain. CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER FORTY-THREE.

THE PASSAGE OF ST. GOTHARD—A LAY OF TRAVEL.

Airolo, on the Italian side of St. Gothard, August 16, 1845.

I have lived through an age since this morning. The whole day passed among snowy, sky-piercing Alps, torrents, chasms and clouds! I have luxuriated in the enjoyment of grandeur and sublimity of which I had before no conception and have gained images which I will carry with me as long as memory and feeling last.

We left Amsteg about half past nine this morning as the clouds appeared to be breaking up, and the white top of the Reussberg was now and then visible in the sky. Just above the village are the remains of Zwing Uri, the castle begun by the tyrant Gessler, for the complete subjugation of the canton. Following the Reuss up through a narrow valley, we passed the Bristen stock which lifts its jagged crags nine thousand feet in the air, and on the other side stood the snowy summits which lean towards the Rhone Glacier and St. Gothard. The way was grand beyond conception. From the deep glen where the Reuss foamed down towards the Lake of the Forest Cantons, the mountains rose with a majestic sweep so far into the sky that the brain grew almost dizzy in following their outlines. Woods, chalets and slopes of herbage covered their bases, where the mountain cattle and goats were browsing while the herd-boys sang their native melodies; higher up, the sides were broken into crags and covered with stunted pines; then succeeded a belt of bare rock with a little snow laying in the crevices, and the summits of dazzling white looked out from the clouds nearly three-fourths the height of the zenith. Sometimes when the vale was filled with clouds, it was startling to see them parting around a solitary summit, apparently isolated in the air at an immense height, for the mountain to which it belonged was hidden to the very base!

The road passed from one side of the valley to the other, crossing the Reuss on bridges sometimes ninety feet high. After three or four hours walking we reached a frightful pass called the Schollenen. So narrow is the defile that before reaching it, the road seemed to enter directly into the mountain. Precipices a thousand feet high tower above and the stream roars and boils in the black depth below. The road is a wonder of art; it winds around the edge of horrible chasms or is carried on lofty arches across, with sometimes a hold apparently so frail that one involuntarily shudders. At a place called the Devil's Bridge, the Reuss leaps about seventy feet in three or four cascades, sending up continually a cloud of spray, while a wind created by the fall, blows and whirls around, with a force that nearly lifts one from his feet. Wordsworth has described the scene well in the following lines:

"Plunge with the Reuss embrowned by terror's breath,
Where danger roofs the narrow walks of Death;
By floods, that thundering from their dizzy height,
Swell more gigantic on the steadfast sight,
Black, drizzling crags, that, beaten by the din,
Vibrate, as if a voice complained within,
Loose hanging rocks, the Day's blessed eye that hide
And crosses reared to Death on every side!"

Beyond the Devil's Bridge, the mountains which nearly touched before, interlock into each other, and a tunnel three hundred and seventy-five feet long leads through the rock into the vale of Urseren, surrounded by the Upper Lakes. The little town of Andermatt lays in the middle of this valley, which with the peaks around is covered with short, yellowish-brown grass. We had met yesterday a little Italian boy walking home, from Germany, and as he was quite alone and without money we took him with us. So, after refreshing ourselves at the village, we started, five in number, for the St. Gothard. Behind the village of Hospis, which stands at the bottom of the valley leading to Realp and the Furca pass, the way commences, winding backwards and forwards, higher and higher, through a valley covered with rocks, with the mighty surrounding Alps around, untenanted save by the chamois and mountain eagle. Not a tree was to be seen. The sides of the mountains were covered with loose rocks waiting for the next torrent to wash them down, and the tops were robed in eternal snow. A thick cloud rolled down as we went on, following the diminishing brooks to their snowy source in the peak of St. Gothard. We cut off the bends of the road by foot paths up the rocks, which we ascended in single file, one of the Americans going ahead and little Pietro with his staff and bundle bringing up the rear. The rarified air we breathed, seven thousand feet above the sea, was like exhilirating gas. We felt no more fatigue, but ran and shouted and threw *snow-balls*, in the middle of August!

After three hours' walk we reached the two clear and silent lakes which send their waters to the Adriatic and the North Sea. Here, as soon as we looked down the Italian side, the sky became clear; we saw the top of St. Gothard many thousand feet above, and stretching to the south the summits of the mountains which guard the vales of the Ticino and the Adda. The former monastery has been turned into an inn; there *is*, however, a kind of church attached, attended by a single monk. It was so cold that although late, we determined to descend to the first village. The Italian side is very steep, and the road, called the Via Trimola, is like a thread dropped down and constantly doubling back upon itself. The deep chasms were filled with snow, although exposed to the full force of the sun, and for a long distance there was scarcely a sign of vegetation.

We thought as we went down, that every step was bringing us nearer to a sunnier land—that the glories of Italy, which had so long lain in the airy background of the future, would soon spread themselves before us in their real or imagined beauty. We reached at dusk the last height above the vale of the Ticino, and saw this little village with its musical name lying in a hollow of the mountains. A few minutes of leaping, sliding and rolling, took us down the grassy declivity, and we found we had descended from the top in an hour and a half, although the distance by the road is nine miles! I need not say how glad we were to relieve our trembling knees and exhausted limbs.

The silver moon of Italy, (for we fancy that her light is softer and that the skies are already bluer) hangs trembling above the fields of snow that stretch in their wintry brilliance along the mountains around. I hear the roar of the Ticino and the deepened sound of falling cascades, and think, if I were to take those waters for my guide, to what glorious places they would lead me! J. B. T.

NUMBER FORTY-FOUR.

VALE OF THE TICINO—CASCADE—MOUNTAIN PASSES—APPROACH TO ITALY—VINEYARDS — BELLINZONA — LAGO — MAGGIORE.

Magadino, on Lago Maggiore, Aug. 18, 1845.

We left Airolo early the next morning, to continue our journey down the valley of the Ticino. The mists and clouds of Switzerland were exchanged for a sky of the purest blue, and we felt, for the first time in ten days, uncomfortably warm. The mountains which flank the Alps on this side, are still giants—lofty and bare, and covered with snow in many places, but we looked at them with a different feeling from that with which we ascended the valley of the Reuss, the day before. The band of the German dialect is on the summit of St. Gothard, and the Peasants saluted us with a "*buon giorno*," as they passed. This, with the clearness of the skies and the warmth of the air, made us feel that Italy was growing nearer.

The mountains are covered with forests of dark pine, and many beautiful cascades come tumbling over the rocks in their haste to join the Ticino. One of these was so strangely beautiful, that I cannot pass it without a particular description. We saw it soon after leaving Airolo, on the opposite side of the valley. A stream of considerable size comes down the mountain, leaping from crag to crag till within forty or fifty feet of the bottom, where it is caught in a hollow rock, and flung upwards into the air, forming a beautiful arch as it falls out into the valley. As it is whirled up thus, feathery curls of spray are constantly driven off and seem to wave round it like the fibres on an ostrich plume. The sun shining through, gave it a sparry brilliance which was perfectly magnificent. If I were an artist, I would give much for such a new form of beauty.

On our first day's journey we passed through two terrific mountain gorges, almost equalling in grandeur, the defile of the "Devil's Bridge." The Ticino, in its course to Lago Maggiore has to make a descent of nearly three thousand feet, passing through three villages, which lie like terraces, one below the other. The first two are but a few miles in length, and in its course from one to the other, it has to force its way down in twenty cataracts through a cleft in the mountains. The road, constructed with the utmost labor, threads these dark chasms, sometimes carried in a tunnel through the rock, sometimes passing on arches above the boiling flood. The precipices of bare rock rise far above and render any other way, besides being much longer, difficult and dangerous. I have noticed another very beautiful effect of the water, perhaps attributable to some mineral substance it contained. The spray and foam thrown up in the dashing of the vexed current, was of a light, delicate pink, although the stream itself was a soft blue, and the contrast of these two colors was very remarkable. We were entirely unprepared to find such wild and sublime scenery on this road and enjoyed it the more for its unexpectedness.

As we kept on, however, there was a very perceptible change in the scenery. The gloomy pines disappeared and the mountains were covered, in their stead, with picturesque chesnut trees, with leaves of a shining green. Little villages sometimes lay at the foot, with just such square brown towers to their churches as one sees in views of Italian scenery, and one or two of these which we passed, had been built as far back as the eighth or ninth century. The grass and vegetation was much more luxuriant than on the other side of the Alps, and fields of maize and mulberry orchards covered the valley. We saw the people busy at work reeling silk in the villages. Every mile we advanced made a sensible change in the vegetation. The chesnuts were larger, the maize higher, and the few straggling grape-vines increased into bowers and vineyards, while the gardens were filled with plum, pear and fig-trees, and the stands of delicious fruit which we saw in the villages, gave us promise of the luxuriance that was to come.

The vineyards are much more beautiful than the German fields of stakes. The vines are not trimmed, but grow from year to year over a frame higher than the head, and supported through the whole field, on stone pillars. They interlace and form a complete leafy screen, while the clusters hang below. The light came dimly through the green, transparent leaves, and nothing was wanting to make them real bowers of Arcadia. Although we were still in Switzerland, the people began to have that lazy, indolent look which characterises the Italians; most of the occupations were carried on in the open air and brown-robed, sandalled friars were going about from house to house, collecting money and provisions for their support.

We passed Faido and Giornico, near which last village are the remains of an old castle, supposed to have been built by the ancient Gauls, and stopped for the night at Cresciano, which being altogether Italian, we had an opportunity to put in practice the few words we had picked up from Pietro. The little fellow had parted with us with regret a few hours before, at Biasco, where he had relations. The rustic landlord at Cresciano was an honest young fellow, who tried to serve us as well as he could, but we made some ludicrous mistakes through our ignorance of the language. Not far from this place was the scene of a battle between the Swiss and Milanese, in which the former, as usual, came off victorious.

Three hours' walk this morning brought us to Bellinzona, the capital of the canton. Before reaching it, our road joined that of the Splugen which comes down through the valley of Bernardino. From the bridge where the junction takes places, we had a triple view, whose grandeur took me by surprise, even after coming from the Alps. We stood at the union of three villages—that leading to St. Gothard, terminated by the glaciers of the Bernese Oberland, that running off obliquely to the Splugen, and finally the broad vale of the Ticino, extending to Lago Maggiore, whose purple mountains closed the vista. Each valley was perhaps two miles broad and from twenty to thirty long, and the mountains that enclosed them from five to seven thousand feet in height, so you may perhaps form some idea what a view down three such avenues in this Alpine temple would be. Bellinzona is romantically situated, on a slight eminence, with three castles to defend it, with those square turreted towers and battlements, which remind one involuntarily of the days of the Goths and Vandals. The Council House bears the arms of the Republic, and the plain near by, is memorable for a battle in which three thousand Swiss defeated twenty-four thousand Milanese.

Of the two ways to Milan, we have taken that by Lago Maggiore and sisto Callende, as being shorter and more beautiful. The other, by Lugano and Como, we saw, this afternoon on our way here, winding among chestnut groves on the side of Mount Cenere. We left Bellinzona at noon, and saw, soon after, from an eminence, the blue line of Lago Maggiore stretched across the bottom of the valley. So we hurried on, although weary, and I am now writing by its banks. Opposite lays Locarno, and just behind this little town, rises a lofty mountain. We have seen sunset fade away over the lake, but it was clouded, and did not realize my ideal of such a scene in Italy. The little steamboat lies moored to the wharf, and we shall have to be out of our beds betimes to-morrow morning, to depart in her.

A band of wild Italians have just been parading up and down the village, drawing one of their number in a hand-cart. They are making a great noise with a drum and trumpet, and are received everywhere with shouts of laughter. A great jug of wine is not wanting, and the whole seems to me a very characteristic scene. J. B. T.

Golden Poem.

"WAIT A LITTLE LONGER."

[The following cheering poem appeared in a late number of the London Daily News, the paper to which Dickens is a prominent contributor. It is not too much to suppose that he is the author. Every heart that beats for humanity will throb warmer on perusing these verses.]

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger:
We'll win our battle by its aid:
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And right, not might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming.
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery,
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help,
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he, the more he has:—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Little children shall not toil
Under, or above, the soil,
In the good time coming.
But shall play in healthful fields,
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write:—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'T will be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

Thrilling Story.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY H. J. BOWLES.

"Will no one go off for her?—will no one go off for my child, my only child?" shrieked the miser, wringing his hands and running to and fro in the crowd. But all turned away. There was scarcely a soul present who, at one time or another, had not suffered in the hands of the hard-hearted money lender.

"Oh! for the love of God—you who are fathers think of me. My daughter will perish—will you not go off for her, Townsend? I'll give you anything—anything I mean in reason."

"Go off for her!—not I," said the man, with a mocking laugh, shaking off the old man, "all your gold would not tempt me out on that boiling sea. Besides, ain't I a father, too—and think you I'll sacrifice my life for another? No, no, old hulks, you must take your gold to some other market."

"Oh! she will die, she will die—my child for whom I have saved all. Peter Jones, you will go if I give you a thousand dollars."

"Not for ten thousand," gruffly said the person addressed, "a boat couldn't live in the breakers a minute."

"I will give ten thousand to any one," eagerly said the miser—"ten thousand dollars. I know you will go for ten thousand dollars, Simon," and he seized one of the spectators by the button of his shaggy jacket, "oh! go, and the blessings of a broken-hearted father will go with you."

"I can't think of it, for I'd never return to enjoy your money. No, old man," he said, in a more feeling tone than the others had used, "your daughter must die."

"*Must* die! Oh! no—she shan't die. Take all I am worth, good sirs," he said, lifting up his hands imploringly, "but restore me my daughter, only, only I hope you'll spare a little for us to live on, it it's no more than a beggar enjoys."

"It's no use, old man," said the last speaker, "the whole world would not tempt us to put out to sea in a storm like this. It's a hard lot you've got to bear, and I pity your daughter, for she was a sweet angel. But the packet will go to pieces in half an hour, and so you see there is no hope."

The father heard the speaker in stony silence. Then he turned and looked out at sea, where, a few minutes before, the outline of the stranded packet, might have been seen through the approaching twilight, almost buried in the whirling foam that howled over the bar on which she lay; but now the darkness had shut her in from view; and the only knowledge of her position was derived from the sound of her minute guns booming solemnly across the sea. The old man groaned, and sinking down on a holder, buried his face in his hands and rocked his body to and fro, occasionally pausing to listen to the guns or to gaze seaward, and then resuming his position, moaning continually. Five minutes might have thus passed when a young man burst through the crowd, and shaking the old man by the shoulder, said,

"Mr. Stelling, they say your daughter is on board the packet—is it so?"

"Yes, good youth, and you have come to rescue her," he exclaimed, starting up with eager joy; but when he recognized the speaker, he said in a tone of disappointment, "it's Harry Martin. Oh! surely, young man, you have not come here to triumph over my distress."

"God forbid," was the fervent reply, "I come to aid you, if indeed mortal man can render aid in an extremity like this. Let bygones be bygones. Only answer me one question, for no time is to be lost—will you give me your daughter if I succeed in rescuing her?"

There was a momentary pause, and the muscles of the old man's face worked convulsively. All pressed forward to hear his answer, for the fury with which the old miser had pursued his daughter's lover, and his declaration that he would sooner see her dead than married to the young man were known to every listener. At length he gasped,

"Yes, yes, but go at once. Only save her and she shall be yours."

The youth paused no longer, but dashed through the crowd. In a minute his boat was afloat, and accompanied by a solitary individual—for but one fisherman, and he under great obligations to the young man, could be persuaded to risk his life with the lover—he set forth. The boat rose gallantly on the waves, shaking like a duck the spray from her sides, and for a few minutes was seen momently cutting the outline of the gloomy sky as she attained the summit of the billow: then she gradually passed into the darkness and was seen no more.

For more than an hour the crowd remained on the beach, almost incredulous of the lover's success, and yet lingering in the faint hope that he might return with his precious freight. That he had the good wishes of all was evident from the eagerness with which they strained their eyes into the gloom to see if he was returning, and from the audible prayers for his success which were breathed by more than one of the women. Apart from the general crowd stood the fisherman whom the miser had last appealed to, surrounded by a few kindred spirits who were discussing with him the chances of the young man's return.

"It was madness to attempt it," said the fisherman, "but when I found he would go I insisted that he should make his conditions with the old man before he ventured, for, you see, if his daughter was once restored to the usurer's arms, mighty little gratitude would he have for her preserver, and Harry would stand as poor a chance as ever. Between us, I believe she thought as much of the young man as he did of her, and if her father sent her away, and I more than suspect, to drive Harry Martin from her thoughts, her present danger looks something like the retribution of a higher power as a punishment for his conduct. But hark, was not that a hallo?"

Every eye was turned seaward, in which direction the fisherman had indicated that he heard the hail; but nothing could be seen except the white foam of the breakers in the foreground, and the lowering clouds behind forming a chaotic mass of darkness. Nor was any sound save that of the roaring tempest borne to the ear.

"Hark!" at length said one, "there it is again."

Every one listened, and now a hallo was heard faintly from the thick gloom seaward. One of the fishermen shouted, and a reply was distinctly caught in the lull of the tempest. A few moments of breathless suspense followed, during which every eye was strained to the utmost.

"There it is—there it is," at length, cried one, "see—just rising on yonder wave!"

"I see it," shouted one.

"Here they come, huzza!—a miracle, a miracle—oh! how gallantly she breasts the surge," were the exclamations that followed from the crowd.

All rushed to the edge of the surf. But now the fear arose that the boat would be swamped in the breakers, and many a heart trembled as she rose and fell frightfully on the surge, showers of spray flying over her, and the water continually pouring into her sides. The crowd watched her struggles with silent awe.

A few minutes removed all doubt, and saw the hardy crew and their lovely freight safely landed on the beach. The miser had started from his seat at the first intimation of the approaching boat, and stood tremblingly gazing at her as she buffeted the waves, and no sooner did she touch the ground than he rushed into the retiring surf, and clasping his daughter frantically, hung around her so that the fishermen were forced to carry both together to the dry land. There they would have separated the two for a moment, but when they spoke to the old man they found that he was lifeless. The emotion of the last two hours had been too much for his enfeebled frame, and he had died in the revulsion from despair to joy.

The good folks of that seaboard village can yet tell you how, after the accustomed period of mourning had passed, the miser's daughter gave her hand to Harry Martin, who received with her a fortune, whose extent even the most sanguine confessed to be beyond their expectations. But this was the least part of the treasure brought him by his wife, and in her virtues he had ample recompense for the long years of opposition on the part of her parent.

☞ "You cut my hair, but it does not seem to be any shorter," said a gentleman who had been under the operation of Giovanni's scissors.

"No—I cut it longer this time," said the barber.

☞ Some old genius says that the oldest inhabitant in Hamburg, S. C., is a bull frog. He has been there from time immemorial, and still reads without spectacles.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to our friend J. E. R., we would say that his scriptural poem, on a second reading does not appear to us such as he would desire to see in print. It has many good passages, but as a whole is not sustained. Blank verse indeed is a most difficult undertaking for young writers, and we would advise no one to attempt it until he has mastered the taste and refined the ear by the closest study of the great master-poets of our tongue. To publish a fragment of J. E. R.'s poem would be doing him an injustice; to publish all, would be doing him a greater.

"NIAGARA," is on file for insertion. The writer handles his versification well. But his poem is rather long.

"E. J.'s" verses shall appear.

One of "R. W.'s" favors we have already published—the other's are marked for insertion.

"To a Dear Brother," does not appear to us original. If the writer can satisfy us it is so, we shall be happy to publish it.

Our correspondent in Cynthiana, Ky., will see, on examination, that his plan will not answer; for the difficulty is in the weight of the wire, which always breaks. Now the gun elastic would only make the wire heavier and increase the danger. The other suggestion, however, has force, and might be of advantage.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A word to young married folks! We see that a couple, just wedded, in New Hampshire, immediately subscribed to a newspaper as the best way to make a good beginning. Now that was a wise couple! There is nothing like having luck with you, when you set out in life; and our grandmothers used to carry the salt-cellar, in procession, before a young couple, to bring good fortune into the household. In these times, the salt-cellar has lost it efficacy; and the old superstitious custom is very properly exploded. Let us recommend a sound and sensible substitute! Follow the example of the wedded pair down east, and immediately subscribe for a newspaper—we don't specify what newspaper, but leave that to your good sense, satisfied that you will, unless demented, at once forward your money to the Saturday Evening Post. Not to take this paper is to be quite unfashionable. You might as well be out of the world as "out of our books." You, not we, are the losers. We have hundreds on our list now, who have been subscribers for twenty years, and to whom we are as indispensable as a cup of tea to a dowager, or his pipe and tobacco to an old sailor. And all this while we have been adding thousands of new subscribers yearly to our list. Because we don't talk of this every week, it must not be supposed we are idle. If we don't brag as much as some of our neighbors, we do more. We shall never puff ourselves, like the frog, to bursting!

Bragging, by-the-bye, is an unmannerly habit. Your boaster in private life, is always a coward. A brave man knows what danger is, and meets it with a stout heart: the braggadocia knows nothing of peril, and is scared out of his wits when he sees what it is. Another unmannerly habit is that of complaining. Your grumbler is always a curse to himself and a pest to his neighbors. Nothing satisfies him. If it is cold, he longs for the heat; if it is hot, he longs for the cold. In autumn he would have it spring; in spring, autumn. If his business is successful, he grumbles because it is not better; and if he gets into difficulties, he grumbles because no man ever had such bad luck to contend with. What a pity all grumblers could not be served like the one who waited on Mr. Girard to solicit money for a church! The opulent banker gave him a check for five hundred dollars. The man grumbled: "You gave more to another church," said he. "Did I?" said Girard—"let me have the check again then." The man handed back the piece of paper, which Girard tore up. "There now, get what you can," he said, and turned his back on the grumbler. The story is old, but bears repeating. Don't grumble at your crops, good friend, they are better than you deserve; for if Providence was to mete out our deserts to either you or us, we should be much worse off!

If anybody has cause to grumble it is neither you nor we; for, sitting in comfortable rooms, we know comparatively nothing of the sufferings of "frail humanity." The houseless wretch, without food or raiment, should teach us both contentment. In this inclement season are we duly grateful for our exemption from those physical necessities which so many, in the lanes and alleys of our great cities, unhappily experience! For many years there has not been so much destitution, especially in Philadelphia, as the reader will see by referring to our local news. One cause of this is the protracted winter, which even now, in the lap of Spring, is as frowning as ever. We have no doubt that the suffering, in other sections of the country, is equally great. All those who have kept records of the state of the weather, unite in saying that this winter shows a greater average, both of cold and duration, than any winter within the last twenty years.

The snow is deeper than has been known for even a longer period. In our city, a snow storm set in on Saturday, which raged for thirty-six hours, and the drifts were so heavy that for four days but one or two mails reached us from either New York or Boston. We thought before that we had received a full allowance of snow-storms, but this last one was what Cromwell would have called a "crowning mercy." The sleighs went merrily again for three or four days; but folks are by this time tired of such an expensive amusement, and few were sorry when the warm sun of Wednesday began to thaw right gaily.

Our eastern friends have had sleighing in abundance; in Maine it has continued without intermission for twelve weeks. In Vermont the snow is five feet on a level. In some places the thermometer has ranged from ten degrees below zero to fifteen degrees above it, ever since the first of January—cold weather that! In Nova Scotia the cold has also been intense. Everywhere, indeed, the winter has been severe.

Yet in England—incredible as it may seem—the spring flowers have long been out, and many of the trees are in leaf. A letter, dated London, Feb. 3d, says "The weather is mild, and the spring forward; the wheat is in good condition, and the beans are six inches high." This is an extraordinary circumstance. It would seem, indeed, that when we have an extremely cold winter here, the season is mild and early in Europe; and that when the season is mild here it is cold across the Atlantic. The winter of 1844-5, for instance, was the coldest known in Europe for half a century; it was comparatively spring-like here. This winter has been unusually severe; it is singularly mild in England.

We offer a delightful sheet this week, to our hungry readers. We would especially recommend the two letters of our correspondent, J. Bayard Taylor, who is now among the Alps! He has furnished a glorious poem also for this number. But read and judge!

CALIFORNIA.

Mr. D. E. W. Leavitt was at Little Rock, Ark., at the last dates, intending to begin his contemplated trip to California as soon as spring opened. The editor of the Gazette saw him there, and says he never saw any person more sanguine of the success of an enterprise, than Leavitt is of the difficult one in which he is about to embark. He has received nearly two hundred letters of inquiry, in behalf of the writers and many others, and expresses his belief that between five hundred and one thousand will rendezvous at Fort Smith by the first Monday in April, ready for the journey. He expects to remain at Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas, until the 20th of March, when he will start for Fort Smith.

HONOR AND TRUTH.

There is no prouder title to the respect of our fellow creatures than the being what is known as— [illegible] truth. Never [illegible] a mark of [illegible] a customer, [illegible] Dissimulation [illegible] stoop not to [illegible] dishonorable to utter a falsehood or to act one. Many persons affect to think that there can be [illegible] great pains to deceive others by looks, hints and [illegible] wrong in such conduct. We would rather a man would lie to us openly, than cheat and beguile us by such contemptible stratagems. The essence of falsehood is deceit, and he who deceives a neighbor, yet avoids putting his lie in words, is quite as criminal and far meaner than the bold, frank, bad man, who openly violates truth, instead of skulking into corners to outrage her in secret.

In the present day, alas! there is too little regard for truth. The good old-fashioned morality of our sires, which regarded falsehood as the most detestable of acts, has come to be looked on as an obsolete affair, very appropriate for the days of our grandfathers, but not at all fitted for their active, enterprising, and quick-witted descendants. "You *did* him finely," says the dealer to his clerk, when the latter has succeeded in getting off a lot of goods at the highest prices. "A sharp youngster that," says the merchant, in hearing of the lad, who has, in imitation of his elders, just overreached a customer. "That's a keen fellow; nobody will get ahead of him," we hear continually applied to individuals noted for sharp dealing. Is there any wonder that when deception is thus encouraged, the morals of trade should be loose, or a disregard of truth infect even private life? No man can long maintain two characters—one for the counting house and one for the parlor.

"He who will habitually tell falsehoods is not to be trusted," said Sir Walter Scott: and few men understood human nature better, or scorned base actions more. Parents should remember this. The child who learns to lie will not be long in learning to do worse. The youth who disregards truth, though he may grow up to be apparently a man of rectitude and honor, has a character rotten at the core, and will be tempted into many a mean and discreditable action, thinking that a few false words will conceal his guilt. Oh! suffer any error in a child rather than an indifference to truth. Teach him never—either by word, look, or action—to degrade himself to falsehood. Learn him to loathe a lie. Instruct him that every noble nature, that every man of honor scorns and detests untruth, whether in public or private life, as something inexpressibly base.

Jeremiah Howell died at Parsippany, Morris county, New Jersey, on the 18th ult., aged ninety-eight years. He was at the battle of Monmouth, and other struggles of the Revolution.

The death of this veteran of Monmouth reminds us of an anecdote which, we believe, has never yet found its way into print. A few nights before the battle, as the army was marching to take up the quarters selected for the encampment, it passed by a farm-house, whose inmates naturally gathered at the door to see the spectacle. Among these was a little girl about six years old, who, with a sister scarcely older, stood in the porch. Directly the celebrated Tarleton came along, riding in company with a Scotch officer. The latter, when he saw the children, took a scarlet cloak which he carried and extended it towards the little girl.

"Here, take care of this!" he said.

The little girl drew back.

"Why don't you take it, you little rebel?" he said.

The little girl still drew back, but asked,

"Is it clean?"

"Clean! To be sure," said the officer, "what do you mean?"

"Then if its clean, I'll take it," said the child, "but we've had enough of your *dirty* Hessians."

At this Tarleton burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and turning to his companion, who, flushed with anger, was about to make a harsh reply, said:

"There! How can we expect to conquer America when even the girls are such stubborn rebels?" and with these words, the two officers rode on, Tarleton continuing to laugh heartily.

When the tents had been pitched, however, and night was setting in, Tarleton returned alone to the farm-house, and entering the kitchen looked familiarly around, asking,

"Where's my little rebel?"

The mother pointed out the child, who, nothing afraid, approached the officer. Tarleton took her up in his arms and said,

"I have come to shew you the camp of those red-coats you despise so, my little traitor," and with these words he laughingly carried off the child, leading her elder sister by the hand. In this way he proceeded to the camp, delighting their young eyes with the strange and brilliant spectacle. Among other things he showed the child some plate, which he said was gold; but the little girl could not believe there was so much of that metal in the world and frankly told him she did not believe him. He finally returned her to her mother, apparently highly pleased with the spirit.

The same informant, from whom we derive the foregoing narrative says that Gen. Howe, on the same night, after a carouse in the camp, became intoxicated and was brought to the farm-house, where he was deferentially placed in the spare chamber. In the night the General, still laboring under the effects of wine, arose, left his room and wandered off until he got into a pond, where his alarmed attendants found him, half sobered and covered with thick, black mud. The night was intensely hot, which probably led the General, by a sort of instinct, thus to "take to the water." His servants seized the milk-pail, in which they washed his feet. The old lady who owned it thought this a sacrilege, and thereafter always heard of Gen. Howe's defeats with exultation.

"He deserves it," she said warmly, "for washing his dirty feet in my nice milk-pail—the brute!"

ALMOST A WRECK.

It is generally thought that the waters of the Delaware River are little perilous, but the following narrative will show the contrary. The steamer Cumberland left Philadelphia about three P. M. last Friday, bound for Baltimore. About eight o'clock in the evening, when she was below New Castle, the snow commenced falling, and the night being so dark that the passengers could not see the length of the boat, the captain thought it expedient to return to New Castle. In doing so, the boat grounded a little below the town, and lay in that situation until half-past one o'clock, when she was gotten off and run out to the channel. At half-past two, she was struck by a tornado from the northeast; some of the doors and a number of light articles were blown from the decks; she rolled and labored very hard, and shipped large quantities of water; the freight rolled from side to side; and by the upsetting of the stove, the cabin was at one time on fire. The water rushed through the cabin, and the passengers were thrown to and fro by the motion of the vessel. It was evident she must have foundered if she had remained longer at anchor. The fires were extinguished, and the boat was fast being filled with water.

All hands were called to get in the anchor, and in the attempt, the anchor was broken, and the boat being in the trough of the sea, the waves dashed over the decks, and every one on board apprehended a watery grave. At this fearful moment a cry was raised that a vessel was approaching and was likely to come in contact. The bell was rung, and the vessel altered her course. The passengers were however, in imminent danger, as the suffering boat was rapidly drifting ashore; and the darkness of the night and the torrents of rain rendered the danger more appalling. It was however discovered that they were providentially driven against the old pier at New Castle, where they lay till near day break. The crew were then employed in bailing and pumping out the water, and all things being set aright the boat proceeded to Chester, where the passengers were safely landed.

LARGE CITIES.

The capital of Great Britain has a population estimated at 2,000,000 of souls, exclusive of strangers. The population of Paris now exceeds 900,000; the population of Vienna is 390,000 souls; Berlin, 360,000; and St. Petersburg, 476,000.

BLESSED, OR NOT?

In the Kentucky Senate, Mr. Harris stated that in the counties of Breathet, Perry and Letcher, Ky., there is not a single physician.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Death of Mr. Pleasants, late of the Richmond Whig, in a rencounter with Thomas Ritchie, Jr., editor of [illegible] opposite parties. When the elder Mr. Ritchie went to Washington his son succeeded him to both the [illegible] of the paper. The bickerings between him and Mr. Pleasants at length became so high that the latter challenged Mr. Ritchie: the result was a meeting and the death of Mr. Pleasants. The affray was one of the most horrible ever occurring in this country. The following account, copied from the Baltimore Patriot, is the most circumstantial and correct of any yet published.

"The quarrel had gone on in their newspapers to such an extent, that Mr. Pleasants thought himself called on to bring the matter to a crisis. He therefore sent a request to Mr. Ritchie to meet him at a specified place and hour across the river from Richmond with side arms. Mr. Ritchie sent word back that he could not consent to settle the affair in that way. Mr. Pleasants then sent him word that the matter must be settled, and in that way.

"Mr. Ritchie then prepared himself with a revolver of six barrels, two duelling pistols, and a horseman's short-sword, and repaired to the place designated, at the time named.

"Mr. Pleasants, who had not arrived, with two (or four—there is doubt about this) common pistols and a sword-cane. A friend of Mr. Pleasants approached Mr. Ritchie, and said to him, that he thought the difficulty might be settled if the latter would do one thing, and that was, to acknowledge that he believed Mr. Pleasants to be a brave man. Mr. Ritchie replied that once he could have done this; but now, Mr. Pleasants having called him there, and not appearing himself, he could not make such an acknowledgment. Mr. Pleasants' friend then informed him that he presumed he would have to fight. Mr. Ritchie replied, very well, he had come there to meet Mr. Pleasants.

"The friend of the latter left the spot and went to his principal, who was not far off. Soon after this, Mr. Pleasants appeared approaching Mr. Ritchie, considerably in advance of the two friends who had accompanied him to the spot. As he approached at a rapid pace, Mr. Ritchie fired successively his two duelling pistols, resting each on his left arm, drawn up in an angle for that purpose. He then presented his revolver and fired either four or five of its barrels. After he had fired first upon Mr. Pleasants, the latter drew and fired thrice without effect, all the time rushing up to Mr. Ritchie, and when near enough he struck him with his sword-cane, when the scabbard flew off, and Mr. Ritchie struck up the blade or spear with his short-sword—in doing which he received the point of Mr. Pleasants' spear in the corner of his mouth, cutting upward a slight gash.

"Mr. Pleasants then fell, having received five wounds from the pistol shots of his antagonist, if not one from his short-sword. One ball raked across the back of his left hand, carrying away all the muscles and tendons leading to the fingers—another passed through the fleshy part of his left arm, half way up from the elbow to the shoulder—another entered the left breast and ranged round under the arm—a fourth entered the left groin and proved mortal. The fifth wound was in the right thigh, either by a ball or a thrust from the short-sword, above alluded to. It is thought to have been from the latter.

"So has ended the earthly career of the gifted, the high-minded, the generous, whole-souled John Hampden Pleasants! His loss to the community in which he moved, to the editorial fraternity of which he was ever a sparkling, brilliant member, and to the thousands of his ever delighted and instructed readers, will be most deeply felt, as his sanguinary exit will be sadly mourned."

Mr. Ritchie, immediately after the duel, left Richmond for Washington; and was seen the next day in the Capitol, his wound being very slight. Mr. Pleasants was borne from the field, and hopes were at first entertained of his recovery. But these proved fallacious, and on Friday last, at 2 P. M., he breathed his last.

The Washington Union, edited by Mr. Ritchie, senior, thus alludes to the circumstance.

"We hear with profound regret of the death of John Hampden Pleasants, Esq., of Richmond, who breathed his last in that city at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. We regret, on every account, both the death of this gentleman, and the manner of it. He fell near Manchester, on the banks of the James River, opposite to Richmond, very early on Wednesday morning, in an unfortunate recounter with one who is related to the editor of this paper by the tenderest ties. We had hoped that he would have survived his wounds; but it has been ordered otherwise. It is not our duty to enter into the circumstances which have brought about this lamented catastrophe. But is it too much to ask a suspension of public opinion until all the circumstances of the case shall have been fully developed? Mr Pleasants had edited the Lynchburg Virginian for several years, until the winter of 1823-'24, when he established the 'Richmond Whig,' one of the strongest papers in the South. He left that journal a few weeks since, when he associated himself in the editorship of the 'Richmond Star.' He was a gentleman of brilliant talents—one of the best writers in Virginia, and an able, experienced, and ardent politician."

But one opinion can be entertained of this affray. It was not conducted even according to the so-called laws of duelling, and was in every respect a work of horrid butchery. We include the seconds, as well as the principals, in this condemnation.

The coroner's jury, we perceive have found all the survivors in this guilty of murder—Mr. Ritchie as principal, the seconds as accessories. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of the whole four.

GIGANTIC RUIN.

The Destruction of the Great Viaduct of Barentin, France, forms a prominent item in the late Parisian papers. The arches of this Viaduct were supported by twenty-eight pillars which fell one after the other, causing a sad disaster in itself, but fortunately not entombing a human life.

The viaduct was commenced in the spring of 1844, since which time between two hundred and three hundred workmen have been daily employed upon it. It was not quite completed at the time of its destruction. It was composed of twenty-seven brick arches, each presenting a span of fifteen metres, and supported by twenty-eight pillars, likewise of brick, each of which was four metres thick. The greatest elevation was thirty-two metres. The entire length of the work was five hundred metres. All that now remains of this gigantic construction is the bases of the pillars, and even those are much shaken. The loss is estimated at 1,300,000f. The Rouen journals attribute the disaster to the following cause:—The bases of the columns were too small and feeble in comparison to the diameter of the arches; the bricks of which they were formed were of a very inferior quality, nearly resembling those denominated rouge bricks, which are liable to split in frosty weather, and also by the effect of pressure, and crumble away by humidity.

The mortar was made in the most economical manner possible, not having been sufficiently hand-worked, the ingredients were not blended, which is apparent from the large lumps of unslacked lime which may be seen close to each other. The contractors of the work will lose 600,000 francs by the disaster; it will, likewise, retard the opening of the railroad some months longer. The Commerce states, that when an opening was made through the ruins of the viaduct of Barentin, and the river was allowed to resume its natural course, the water was so impregnated with lime that it poisoned all the fish in the river for a considerable distance below the village of Barentin.

CHEROKEE NATION.

A letter from Evansville, Ark., published in the Cherokee Advocate, notices the death of Elijah Fisk, one of the men who was concerned with Ezekiel Rider and Young Mayfield, in the murder of a Cherokee not long since. Fisk's body was found before the door of a store in Evansville, on the 23d. The deceased, with Zek. Rider, Geo. Risley, Wm. Johnson, and William Baty, were in the store on the night previous, and before the doors were closed a pistol shot was heard, which killed Fisk, but no one knew who fired. Writs were issued for these persons, but they were not found. Capt. Boone's company of Dragoons were out in search for them, but without success. It is supposed that he was killed for fear he would reveal secrets which might endanger the lives of his murderers.

NEW PROPHET.

A new prophet named Strang, at Voree, Wisconsin, has been acknowledged by one portion of the Mormons as the head of the church. The Mormons are flocking to Voree in great numbers. It is to be the gathering place of this strange people, except the Twelve and their adherents, now on their way to California, over the Rocky Mountains. James J. Strang is a lawyer of considerable eminence in the West, and owns an immense tract of land, the capital of which is Voree. He is the person, it is said, who went with the Mormons out of Missouri, at the time of their disturbances, planned the Temple at Nauvoo, and wrote the bulletins of Smith, the prophet. This portion of the Mormons will probably settle in Wisconsin. The greater part will go over the Rocky Mountains.

LATE FROM MEXICO.

The intelligence from Mexico is to the [illegible] January, and though [illegible] the latest advices [illegible] himself firmly in the [illegible] by Herrera and [illegible] that Mr. Slidell left the city of Mexico on the 17th of January to [illegible] having been refused a passport [illegible] escort to Vera Cruz. [illegible] pursued on the grounds that he was not a special Minister, sent for the adjustment of the Texas difficulty, but a regular [illegible] Further, it is stated that orders have been issued by the Minister of War for all unattached officers to proceed immediately to the Rio Grande, and join the army for the [illegible] of Texas. Also that three thousand cavalry were about to be raised for the same object. On the 18th of January, too, Paredes issued a circular to all the Governors of States, that within forty days from that date, they shall furnish the necessary quota of men to fill up the Army of Invasion to a war complement—sixty thousand men. The troops now at the Capital are constantly drilled with a view to act in large bodies.

The New Orleans papers of the 20th ult., though they contradict the statement that Mr. Slidell had left Puebla, corroborate the remainder of the above news, and leave no doubt that the aspect of affairs between Mexico and this country is troubled and perilous. A correspondent of the New York Telegraph says that much anxiety is felt at Washington. He writes:—"Up to the recent accounts Mr. Slidell had not been recognized by the existing authorities, and the indications were that he would not be received in his official capacity. The expedients which Paredes has resorted to, manifested anything but a disposition to carry out the pledge of Mexico, for renewing diplomatic associations, and it was evident to our Minister that he was playing for delay, in order to profit by any collision that might occur between us and Great Britain. Indeed, Mr. Slidell was of opinion this game was being conducted under the direction and management of third parties. France and England have succeeded in making a strong impression in Mexico of the policy of resorting to a despotic form of government, and the intrigue for placing Louis Philippe's young son at the head of the dynasty has been renewed, and is now being prosecuted with vigor. The Administration considers the state of things in Mexico as extremely critical—more so by far than at any other time since the annexation of Texas. An agent has been sent down, with instructions to Mr. Slidell, to demand a reception forthwith, and if refused to return. This will bring the whole matter to a close of some sort, and, looking to extremities, our squadron in the Gulf has been ordered off Vera Cruz. I must permit myself to hope, notwithstanding all these embarrassing appearances, that some understanding will be effected by which a rupture with Mexico may be avoided. I cannot disabuse my mind of the conviction, that a war with Mexico would before many months inevitably extend itself to other and more formidable powers. To avert one, is to save the other."

STEAMER PRESIDENT.

From time to time rumors of the discovery of this vessel's wreck are set afloat, all which, however, prove to be, on examination, unfounded. Generally the report is found to be a cruel hoax. The last rumor of this kind we notice in the Cork Examiner, of January 23d: it professes to be based on an extract from a late number of the Madrid Gazette. This Spanish journal asserts that the Minister of the Interior had received a communication from the Political Chief of Guiuzcoa, announcing that a bottle had been found floating in the water near Metrico, Spain, containing a paper, of the contents of which, the following words only could be deciphered:

"Ship President. We are blocked up in ice, and we can't live much time * * * * * Kind friends will acquaint * * * We are dying of hunger * * I am fainting * * * * If, of * * * *"

The bottle—so goes the rumor—was found by some fishermen, and handed to the Alcade of Motrico, a few leagues from St. Sebastian. A copy of the paper has been communicated to the British Minister.

The London Literary Gazette, in alluding to this account, says

"The probability is that the unfortunate steamer went down nearly where last seen, and, owing to the weight of her machinery, is floating now, unbroken and without fragments sent to the surface, at a sad mid-depth of ocean, as the strong current of these seas may bear her to and fro. At some future time, when the perishing wood is separated from the heavy iron, and the latter sinks, the last vestiges of the President may be met with on the Atlantic wave. This opinion is much strengthened by the following notice from the Pacific Ocean:—'On the 30th of December, part of the hulk of the Hambro, or Cleopatra's Barge, wrecked some fifteen or twenty years ago, started up from its watery bed, and washed upon the shore. Many of the oak timbers are in quite a sound state, except so far as perforated by the ship-worm.'"

All rumors, accordingly, of the discovery of the remains of this ill-fated ship, are *prima facie* incorrect, and should be received with great caution. Probably nothing will be known of her until that great day, "when the sea shall give up its dead."

FROM ST. DOMINGO.

An arrival at New York, brings intelligence from the city of St. Domingo to the 28th of January. This arrival reports that since the catastrophe, by shipwreck, of three of the Haytien men-of-war at Puerto Plata, nothing of importance had transpired between the belligerents. The Haytien Admiral, with 114 of the prisoners, including thirty-four officers, were in custody at the city; the others were at Puerto Plata. One of the officers among the prisoners is brother-in-law of President Pierrot, Captain Valon, also among them, being a deserter from the Dominicans, had been tried by court martial, and condemned to death. He appealed to the President for mercy, who had referred the matter to Congress, which was to have been convened on the second of February. According to the El Dominicano, of the 18th of January, some of the officers declare that their instructions from President Pierrot, were to the effect that once getting possession of Samana and Puerto Plata, all males without exception of person or age, and all females under five, were to be massacred. Women over forty years to be tied back to back, and conveyed to the Cape; the younger women to be left to the discretion of the captors. The Dominican sloop-of-war Cibao, (formerly the Alert) arrived from St. Thomas on the 15th ult., and would soon proceed to Puerto Plata. The American schooner J. W. Failer, and Danish brig Carlota, both lately purchased by the Dominican Government, were being equipped as men-of-war. The Dominicans appeared to be settled in their policy, and quite anxious for peace, that they might enter on their new career, founded on the encouragement of foreigners and a liberal system of government generally.

BEAUTIFUL WORK.

We mentioned, some weeks since, that Mr. David W. Gihon, Book Binder, No. 98 Chesnut Street, had prepared an elegant side plate, consisting of a number of suitable illustrations, for binding *Harpers' Pictorial Bible.* We have since had the pleasure of examining a copy of that work bound by him, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most beautiful and appropriate specimens of book binding we have ever seen. The edges of the book are gilt, the back is also richly gilded, and each side gorgeously ornamented by several pictorial designs, among which are Abraham's Sacrifice—Rachel at the Well—Adam and Eve—The Tables of Stone—The Golden Candlesticks—The Good Shepherd, &c. And around and interspersed through these are a vine and flowers, while the whole is surrounded by a handsome border. We advise every person having the work in numbers to call and see this chaste piece of work, and also the elegant assortment of fine leather which Mr. Gihon has on hand. We feel assured that they will at once conclude to have the book bound by him.

MEXICAN BRAVADO.

Two United States dragoons deserted from the camp at Corpus Christi, three or *four* weeks ago, and went to the camp of Gen. Mejia, on the Rio Colorado. The two men were put in irons and marched to a prison in San Louis Potosi. But their horses were treated with great ceremony, being decked out in splendid caparisons and paraded through the streets of Matamoras, accompanied by a herald proclaiming that they were the favorite horses of Gen. Taylor, and had been captured by the brave Gen. Mejia, who permitted them to be exhibited as trophies of Mexican valor.

IMMENSE ESTATE.

Gerrit Smith, of Peterboro', New York, offers to sell his immense landed property at auction, in the months of June, July and August next. The lands lie in forty-five of the fifty-nine counties of the State, and comprise about 750,000 acres. The auction will be held at fifteen different places, on as many different days.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

We [illegible] lately published [illegible] a statement that from the [illegible] 1816 to 1830, New York city increased [illegible] the rate of [illegible] per cent. per year; but from 1830 [illegible] of the New York and Erie Canal, to 1835, 11 per cent. That from 1835 to 1845, the [illegible] was at the rate of [illegible] per cent.; and from 1841 to 1845, New York has [illegible] at the rate of 4½ per cent., making a decrease in her wealth of $11,000,000. From the statistics of Boston, it appears that, since the completion of the Western Railroad, she has increased [illegible] eight per cent., making in [illegible] years, $30,-000,000. Considering New York as stationary, Boston has, in five years, gained upon her nearly $60,000,000. This is to be attributed chiefly to the Western Railroad. When the Erie is finished, New York may recover some of her lost ground. If Philadelphia had a railroad down to Pittsburg, there would, in a few years, be connecting lines to Cincinnati and Cumberland by way of Columbus, Ohio, thus joining our city with the great lakes and with the Mississippi. In such an event neither Boston nor New York could compete with us in the trade of the great west. If our surplus capital should be then invested in manufactures, an immense trade would be concentrated here, and Philadelphia would become the most populous and richest city of the United States.

A LOVE AFFAIR.

A few weeks since a young lady from the vicinity of Plymouth, Mass., made an attempt to elope with her lover, but was overtaken by her father and forcibly carried back to her home. Week before last, however, she made another and more successful attempt. On this occasion the lover did not appear in person, but entrusted the execution of the project to faithful agents. The young lady, under the care of the acting agent in the enterprise, reached Plymouth on Thursday afternoon, the 19th ult, but not in season for the cars which leave at 3 o'clock, and was obliged to go on to Boston in a sleigh. The father arrived in pursuit of the fair fugitive almost three hours after her departure, and immediately followed in the track of the fugitive. The daughter, however, reached Boston first, and thence safely pursued her journey with her lover to another State, where they were legally married, as appears by the following:

At Hartford, Vt., on the 21st ult., ALEXANDER RATSON, of Boston, to MARGARETTA REVELLA FREEMAN, of Sandwich.

Noticing the above, our contemporary of the New York Commercial Advertiser, punningly remarks:—

"That though the young lady ceases to be a Freeman, she has Ransomed herself for life."

THE SQUAN PIRATES.

The general voice of indignation which was produced by the conduct of the shoremen at Squan, on occasion of the late wrecks, has called forth the action of the New Jersey Legislature, and attracted the notice of the inhabitants of the neighborhood. A large and respectable meeting of the citizens of Manasquaw was held on the 23d ult., for the interment and funeral services of the dead, cast upon the Jersey shore during the late dreadful storm. John S. Forman presided. The bodies of those not claimed were to be interred with proper respect, and the Methodist church was to be dressed in mourning, and funeral services performed on Sunday, March 1st. The captains of all vessels lying at the head of the Bay were to hoist their colors at half mast, and crape to be worn on the left arm of those who took an active part for the deceased, for one week.

Thirteen agents for the wrecks deny the charges made against the citizens of Squan, that the bodies of the dead had been robbed. The charge of cowardly neglect to save the lives of the sufferers, does not, however, seem to have been met. A life-boat might have saved every soul on board the John Minturn. Where was the fault that no life-boat was on the coast? The whole truth, however, will come out during the investigation ordered by the New Jersey Legislature.

PENNSYLVANIA INSANE.

We have received a letter from Dr. Kirkbride, of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, calling our attention to an error that inadvertently crept into our late notice of that Institution. As the best means of making a correction, we cheerfully quote that portion of Dr. K.'s letter referring to the error. "By looking over the notice you will find it stated that, 'during five years there have been received from the *State* Treasury $34,840,70,' while in reality, as mentioned at the bottom of page 45 of the report, *for no purpose whatever, has it ever received a single dollar from the treasuries of either city, county or State, and that for its support, it relies entirely on its own resources and the contributions of the benevolent.*' The treasury alluded to, in the report, is the treasury of the corporation. So that the $83,000 expended by the two branches of the corporation within five years on the indigent sick and insane of Pennsylvania, (page 52) was solely from the sources above indicated. Your paper has so wide a circulation, that I deem it important, and should consider it a favor, if, in your next, you will *editorially*, make the correction above referred to." In conclusion we would state that this correction ought to have appeared last week, but was laid over in the printing office owing to a press of matter.

A WOLF CHASE.

A couple of Rocky Mountain Wolves escaped from their cage in the Menagerie of Herr Driesbach, at Zanesville, Ohio, on the 11th ult. At the time there were four men in the building, Herr Driesbach, Paul Morgan, Abraham Shimer and Arthur Crippen, but accustomed as they were to such animals, they thought only of caging the smaller animals that were fastened in different parts of the building, without apprehending personal danger to themselves. Crippen ran out of the building to get a pitchfork, when closing the door after him it fastened itself, which kept him out. Morgan hastened to take care of the riding monkey, when one of the wolves attacked him and got him down, and as Shimer ran to his assistance, he was attacked and overpowered by the other wolf. At this moment Driesbach was the only one disengaged, and picking up a chair he dashed it to pieces to obtain a round for a club. With this, at one blow he disabled the wolf that had attacked Shimer, but the other held with a death grip, and required repeated blows; nor did he relinquish the attack until he was knocked dead. The disabled one was afterward shot. The men were badly bitten, and had they been alone, would inevitably have been killed, for one of them was already fainting.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

On Sunday afternoon, at New York, a soldier took a small skiff, with his wife, and pulled across to Whitehall. He then undertook to pull back—the tide being strong, the river full of floating ice, the wind north-west, and the weather exceedingly cold, the thermometer down nearly to zero—his boat drifted down with the current, and night set in. With a hope to reach the shore, he left his boat and undertook to cross from cake to cake. He unfortunately fell in between the cakes, but succeeded in regaining his position on a pretty large cake of ice, on which he drifted about the harbor all night, and was rescued the next morning by a boy, at the narrows, on the Staten Island side. He was taken on shore with his limbs badly frozen, and after being warmed and comfortably protected, he was sufficiently recovered to return to the city. It is truly astonishing that a man could have survived, on a cake of ice, exposed to the severity of the weather in one of the coldest nights we have experienced this year.

RUMORS DENIED.

Every few days some new rumor is set afloat respecting the negotiations at Washington, and the probabilities of a war. The Washington Union contradicts among many others, two of the latest of these rumors. First, that Mr. Pakenham had said in private circles—"That England is not going to surrender one foot of Territory north of the Columbia, without a struggle. She will not be bullied much longer by the United States." The second rumor is from the New York Advertiser:—"That Mr. Crampton has brought out instructions to Mr. Pakenham to re-open negotiations by an offer of the 49th parallel, the whole of Vancouver's Island, and the navigation of the Columbia River for twenty years. It is said that Mr. Polk will not take the responsibility of accepting the offer, but will submit it to the Senate for advice." The Union says, "We will not undertake to say positively that such despatches have not been received here, but certainly we have heard nothing to confirm this rumor."

LENT.

Lent is so called because of the season in which it is observed. Lent, in the Saxon language, signifying Spring, is now used to signify the Spring Fast, which always begins so that it may end at Easter, to remind us of our Saviour's sufferings, which ended at his resurrection.

Foreign News.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

The packet ship Yorkshire arrived at New York on Wednesday with four days later advices from England.

The intelligence [illegible] brought by the Cambria.

The Cotton Market was steady at [illegible] prices.

[illegible] expected under the prospect of lower duties. English Wheat of good quality has moved off steadily at full prices; inferior quality has declined 1 to 2d. per bushel. Barley has a downward tendency. Philadelphia sweet Flour in bond, was offering at 27s. per barrel.

Parliament had been occupied chiefly with Irish affairs. In Galway riots were apprehended.

Important news from India has been received. The scheme for the Anglo-Indian annexation of Punjaub has been begun. A battle was fought on the 21st December, in which the English were victorious.

LATE FROM NEW ZEALAND.

Accounts from Auckland have been received at Boston up to the 13th of September. Our readers will recollect that several skirmishes had taken place between the natives and British troops sent to protect the colonists, and that the troops had suffered severely in attempting to storm a stockade. Up to the 13th of September no decisive intelligence had been received from the seat of war, but that both parties were preparing for renewed hostilities. Three vessels of war, the Hazard, North Star and Daphne, were at the Bay of Islands, and troops were expected daily from Sydney, N. S. Wales. When they arrive the war will be prosecuted on the part of the British with vigor. The natives were encamped in the mountains, preparing to act on the defensive, having found that mode of warfare, on several previous occasions, the most advantageous. Kawiti is the name of the native leader, and Col. Walker commands the British.

AGRICULTURAL ITEM.

A portion of an interesting correspondence between Col. Todd, the American Minister at Russia, and the Imperial Economical Society at Petersburgh, was published in the New York Courier and Enquirer last week. From this it appears that Col. Todd has been creating a favorable impression by introducing to the notice of the members of the Society, valuable American publications, chiefly of an Agricultural character, and in other ways exhibiting an interest in the Society's progress. Thanks were tendered to him for his services, and he was requested to procure from this country quantities of the seeds of Oaks fit for ship-building, with a view to endeavor to cultivate the growth of this species of wood in the Southern provinces of Russia. Col. Todd has undertaken to gratify the wish expressed.

INTEGRITY CONQUERS.

Mr. Gilmore, the new President of the Western Railroad, has the offer of five other situations, besides that which he has accepted, in either of which he might have a salary of $5,000 a-year. The Worcester Spy says it is less than twenty years since he went into the city from the country, a common laborer, and was for some time porter to the store of Whitwell & Bond.

NEW COMET.

A new telescopic comet was discovered on Tuesday night, by Mr. Bond of the Cambridge University. Its place at nine P. M., as deduced from neighboring stars with an annular micrometer, was one hour and twenty-six seconds in right ascension and two degrees eighteen minutes north declination.

FOR OREGON.

The brig Henry sailed from Newburyport, (Mass.) on Monday week, for Oregon, having on board a number of emigrants. Divine service was held on board previous to casting loose from the wharf, and amid cheers from the spectators on shore, the vessel spread her sails, and moved down the river.

LEARNED WAITER.

There is now living at one of the most fashionable hotels in New York, a young man in the capacity of waiter, who is quite an accomplished scholar, a most devoted student of Shakspeare, and who speaks familiarly the English, French, German, Spanish and Italian languages.

VERY GOOD.

The Richmond Star, says another relic of the classic ages was found in that city, being a dog-collar supposed to have belonged to Julius Cæsar, from the fact of *having his name engraved upon it.*

GOV. STOCKTON, DEAD.

His excellency Thomas Stockton, Governor of Delaware, expired suddenly on Monday evening last, while sitting in the office of the Clerk of the Orphans' Court, at New Castle.

Local Intelligence.

POVERTY IN OUR CITY.—The distress among the poor of Philadelphia has been very great in consequence of the protracted cold weather. In the suburb of Moyamensing, especially, the destitution is extreme. The soup house of that district daily distributes rations to twelve hundred applicants. Many cases of heart-rending poverty are related by those who visit this suburb on errands of benevolence. A few days since, in one of the hovels in Moyamensing, a child was found actually in a dying state from the want of sustenance, and huddling close to its almost inanimate body, for the purpose of obtaining some warmth, was another boy, who being older was not so far gone. Medical assistance was called and sustenance procured, but before some broth could be made for it the child expired. The pressing wants of the remainder of the family have since been alleviated. At another time, on going into a wretched cellar, a colored family was found, consisting of a man, woman and seven children, all in a state of the greatest destitution. The only heat was obtained from a furnace of charcoal, and how they existed, amid the deleterious fumes emitted from it, is extraordinary. The children were almost destitute of clothing, and one child, in a state of nudity, had been *placed beneath a heap of ashes to keep him warm.* This family was removed to a more comfortable apartment, and the most pressing of their wants provided for. Among the weavers of the district, especially, who are now on a strike for higher wages, great destitution exists. If the cold weather continues much longer the suffering will be trebled.

THE SNOW STORM AND MAILS.—The snow storm which began here on Friday night week and continued until Sunday morning blocked up all the railroads in our vicinity and almost cut off the communication between this place and Camden. The depth of snow was not more than six inches, but being fine and dry it drifted considerably. We had no mails from either New York or Baltimore for nearly two days. At one time four trains were on the road between here and New York, and all blocked up. From Harrisburg, we received no mails from Friday up to Wednesday. Ten locomotives, with fifty or sixty hands shovelling, and the passenger trains of Saturday, Sunday and Monday, from Harrisburg, were at Morgan's corner at six o'clock on Tuesday evening, and had to tarry there during the night. Most of the passengers had abandoned the cars for other conveyances, and some even proceeded on foot. The river meantime was full of ice, and the ice-boat being laid up for the season, the communication could scarcely be kept open between the city and Camden. On Wednesday, however, the weather became milder, the snow melted rapidly, and the mails once more began to make their appearance. The fall of snow appears to have produced the same effects throughout the country, the mails everywhere being blocked up in consequence of the drifts.

☞ On Monday, the Police appointments for the ensuing year, were made by Mayor Swift. All the principal officers were retained. First Lieutenant of the Police, James Young; Second do., J. H. Bulkley. High Constable of the North East Division, James Moore; South East do., A. D. Curran, North West do., Philip Winnemore; and South West do., John Walker. Captain of the Night Police, William Young. Captains of the Watch—North East Division, Jacob Landenslager, South East do., Jacob Bennett; North West do., Abram Yates; South West do., H. C. Meyer. We learn that a few changes have taken place among the watchmen, and other subordinate officers.

☞ Wood is now very scarce. Hickory is selling at $8 per cord, Oak at $6.50 and $7, and Pine at $5.50 and $6. Upon many wharves along the Delaware there are not half a dozen cords.

☞ The District of Spring Garden is about to make a contract with the Philadelphia Gas Works to supply the District with gas.

DEMPSTER'S CONCERT.—Mr. Dempster's Concert, on Monday evening, was well attended, though the audience would have been larger but for the [illegible] the same place, when we hope the weather will be more favorable.

☞ A little girl, seven years of age, the daughter of a poor widow, named Gillan, occupying a room in a house in Shippen street, above Eighth, was severely burned about two weeks since by her clothes taking fire during the absence of the mother, and after lingering in great agony, died from her injuries on Saturday last. The whole family had been sick, and being in a destitute condition, the mother left the girl in the room with a smaller child in her charge while she was endeavoring to procure work, and in her absence the accident occurred.

☞ The Bill now before the House of Representatives of the United States, appropriates for the harbor at New Castle, on the Delaware River, $15,-000; for the harbor at Port Penn, $5,000; and for the Delaware Breakwater, $75,000. Each of these appropriations is shamefully small.

New York City.

☞ The twenty-seventh Annual Report of the Bank for Savings in New York City, shows that the whole amount received on deposit during the year was $1,337,452 46, from 25,062 depositors; and that the amount drawn was $1,231,109 38, by 16,-995 depositors, of whom 4,290 closed their accounts. The excess of deposits over drafts is $418,-354 07. The new depositors exceed by two thousand three hundred and fifty-nine those who have closed their accounts. The Bank has been in operation twenty-six and a half years, during which it has received deposits amounting to $23,706,963 from 394,769 depositors, and paid out $21,094,322 on 277,477 draft. On the 1st of January last, there was due to depositors $3,350,187.

☞ The packet-ship Havre arrived at New York on Friday last, having been fifty-one days on the passage from Havre—though her outward trip was made in less than fifteen days. The passengers and crew suffered much during the voyage from severe weather and constant tempests—which accounts for the detention of the fleets of packets now due.

☞ The New York Tribune says:—"We have some prospect of a grand packet ship Regatta, to come off shortly. The proprietors of the Black Ball Line of Liverpool Packets have challenged the Havre Line for a sailing match around the Bermudas and home, with either of their vessels, against the Independence—for $10,000 aside."

☞ The Shipwreck Society held a meeting on Monday evening, in relation to the late outrages upon the shipwrecked unfortunates at Squan Beach, said to have been practised at that place. Some stringent resolutions were adopted, and a Committee appointed to make a thorough investigation of the matter.

☞ A woman named Sarah Cunningham was burnt to death in New York a day or two ago, by her clothes taking fire.

☞ A female committed suicide in New York a day or two ago, in consequence of having been deserted by her lover.

☞ It is said that Mr. N. P. Willis is on board the packet-ship Albert, which sailed from Portsmouth on the 25th of December.

General News.

☞ Some days ago, Mr. H. Dart and Mr. R. H. Dunning, while returning to Honesdale from Waymart, in a sleigh, encountered a lad lying in the snow on the road side. They immediately stopped, and going to him, waked him from the death-sleep into which he was sinking rapidly, wrapped him comfortably in buffalo robes, put him into the sleigh, and conveyed him to Honesdale, where Mr. Dart lodged him at his own house. The poor lad was a cripple, not more than twelve years old, and having no parents to provide for him, he had been sent out upon the world to take care of himself, and when found, had been on his way to some of his distant friends. After being well fed and lodged at Mr Dart's hospitable house, he proceeded on his journey.

☞ The Independence (Missouri) Expositor, of the 7th, notices the arrival of another company of traders from Santa Fe, at that place. They left Chihuahua on the 1st of December, and Santa Fe on the 1st of January, performing the latter trip in thirty-four days. They brought with them about $35,000, the most of which is said to have been forwarded by residents of New Mexico to meet their indebtedness in Eastern cities. This adventure is regarded as testing the practicability of making this journey at any season of the year. They carried provender sufficient for their mules. On the route, they experienced but one snow storm; otherwise the weather was favorable, but a little cold. The political news is of no interest.

☞ A correspondent of the Louisville Journal relates the following under date of the 17th ult. "A most distressing murder has just been committed in our town (Russellville.) A young man named John George, of respectable connections, attempted to mislead a Miss Jackson, of this town; failing in his attempts, and fearing it would be made public, he stole by the window of the young lady's room, raised it and shot her, after waking her and making himself known. He fled. The report alarmed the family, who ran to her room and found her dying. She lived only two hours, but long enough to disclose everything. It is probable that the young man has gone to Louisville."

☞ On Thursday week, at Northampton, Mass., a number of boys were playing around the passenger house at the time the cars came in, and one of them attempted to run across the track, just as the engine was backing down into the yard; he slipped and fell directly across the rail. The spectators turned with horror from the scene, not desiring to see him crushed; but one near him caught him up just as the wheel of the tender was within a foot of his head, and thus saved his life. On the next day another boy, while playing about the yard, had an equally narrow escape.

☞ The Carlisle Herald says that notwithstanding several heavy snow storms during the last three months, the travelling on the Cumberland Valley Rail Road has not been totally suspended more than one day either time. The track was cleared of snow with equal despatch after the deep snow of last week. The Chambersburg Times says it was effected by the aid of a new Iron Plough, invented by Mr. D. Hell, one of the engineers on the road, which did the work at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

☞ Some excitement was created in Geneseo, Livingston county, N. Y., a *few days* ago, by the death of a Miss Sarah W. Robertson, and subsequent circumstances. Her illness was of only three days duration, and after her death and burial strange rumors were circulated. The grave was re-opened and it was then found that the coffin had been rifled of the body. Nothing is yet known which will unfold the mystery, but a full enquiry is to be instituted.

☞ On the 19th ult. there was a violent hail storm at Mobile. The storm came up with a heavy rushing wind, accompanied by flashes of vivid lightning in quick succession. The hail stones, which fell for only a few minutes, were of large size and irregular shape, nearly as large, some say, as a hen's egg. Considerable damage was done to skylights throughout the city.

☞ The weather at Boston, on the 27th ult., was the coldest of the season. The thermometer stood about zero at sunrise, and not over two or three degrees above at eight o'clock. The Boston Journal says: The cold weather of the last few days has caused ice to make very fast in the harbor. Vessels now require the aid of steam to get about.

☞ The wreck of the French Government brig *La Silloise*, which, more than twelve years ago, sailed from Dunkirk on a mission of scientific discovery, of which no tidings had since been received, was lately discovered at the Vanikoro Islands, in the archipelago of Santa Cruz.

☞ Some villains cut and mutilated the saddles and bridles of a number of farmers who had left their horses within the vicinity of the church in Middletown, Frederick county, Md., whilst the owners were at divine service.

☞ A line of packet ships, to sail monthly for Liverpool, is about to be established at Baltimore, by James Corner & Sons.

☞ At a recent trial for libel in Taunton Mass., the counsel for defendant raised the question whether the plaintiff's acknowledged habitual violation of law, [illegible] without a license, [illegible] of all legal remedy for whatever [illegible] might be uttered of him in respect to his [illegible] business. The Court instructed the jury that if they found the plaintiff was engaged in selling liquor in violation of the statute, and that the alleged libel was published of him solely in regard to his agency in that business, then he could not maintain the action, even if the article complained of was in itself libelous and the defendants had failed to prove it true. The verdict of the jury was in accordance with these instructions.

☞ All the letters, &c., which left New York on Saturday for Boston and Liverpool, about eight thousand in number, were so detained by the storm as to arrive after the departure of the steamer. Several persons who designed to take passage in the steamer, were also left behind. So was the New York Peace Address, with its five hundred signatures, which a gentleman had kindly volunteered to convey to its destination in Manchester. The despatches, both from our Government and the British Minister, went to Boston by Friday's Long Island train, and so were in time.

☞ Three team horses belonging to Mr. Patrick Kennedy, laborer, were found dead in the stable in Suffolk street Boston, on Friday morning of last week. He had administered to each of them the evening before what he had purchased of a neighboring apothecary as glauber salts, but which it has since been ascertained was saltpetre.

☞ The steamboat Thorn, while on her passage through the Sound, on Monday last, had her hurricane deck completely blown off by the violence of the wind. The channel was so clogged up at Throg's Neck, that a passage was impossible.

☞ The Cayuga Patriot says that the records of Auburn State Prison mention a recent case in which another convict (besides Plumb) received ninety eight blows, or five hundred and eighty-eight lashes for violent conduct under an alleged pretence of insanity.

☞ A fellow named John Brannan, who murdered his wife at Glen, Montgomery county, (N. Y.) in November last, by kicking and beating her in an unmerciful manner, was arrested a few days ago, and lodged in prison.

☞ Valentine Martin, under sentence of death at Fayetteville, Ark., for the murder of his brother's wife, and who was to have been executed on the 20th ult., made his escape two nights previous.

☞ The Cambria's news was expressed through to Cincinnati from Philadelphia, and appears in the papers of that city of the 26th ult., having reached that city in five days.

☞ The project of a railroad from Halifax to Quebec, to connect the waters of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, is earnestly talked of in the British Provinces.

Letter From Washington.

Debate on the River and Harbor Bill—Difference between Northern and Southern Members—Oregon Debate—The late Affray at Richmond.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 4th, 1846.

We had a little variety last week, in the way of a spirited debate upon the River and Harbor Bill; nothing but Oregon having been discussed here for so long a time as to tire one even of its name. The debate on the Harbor Bill was in the House, and was warmly participated in by Mr. McClelland of Michigan, and others on one side, and Mr. Payne of Alabama, and others, on the opposite side. Messrs. Payne and Rhett, both Southern members, took the ground that appropriations for internal improvements were unconstitutional. Mr. Payne denounced the present bill as a monster. Mr. McClelland took up the matter for the Lake country quite warmly. His speech embodied a frightful account of the ravages of life and property yearly committed on the Lakes; and if Congress has not the power to construct harbors in order to prevent these losses, the Constitution ought certainly to be amended. A great and growing population, it must be remembered, has grown up in the West since the adoption of the present Federal Constitution, and it is probable the framers of that instrument never imagined that the commerce of the Lakes would so soon become of such immense value. *It is a hard ship not to be borne that the navigation of those great inland seas should be left unprotected.* But to return to the debate. Mr. McC. showed that this bill was not without a precedent; for a bill which had been passed at the last Congress, and vetoed by John Tyler, had appropriated over two millions for this object. The bill is still before the Committee of the House, the debate having been since interrupted by the devotion of the House to private bills and by the consideration of the New Jersey contested election. This last matter called forth a minority and majority report, and consequently considerable debate. The affair is yet undecided.

The Senate, as usual, adjourned over from Thursday until Monday. The debate on Oregon still continues, an attempt to postpone it having proved unsuccessful. Messrs. Webster, Dickinson, Cass and others, have been speaking through the week; but as nothing new was elicited, I will not consume your time with repetitions.

You will be curious to know the full particulars from me respecting the late melancholy affray at Richmond, Va., but I can add nothing about the fight itself, to the account in the Baltimore Patriot which is correct, I believe, in all respects. The affair is to be regretted and condemned. Mr. Pleasants was one of the ablest political writers in the United States, and a gentlemanly, deserving man, but he allowed himself to be carried away by the bickerings of politics, and fancied there was no redress but in a duel. Mr. Ritchie is an amiable though impulsive man. I have it on the best authority that his father, the elder Mr. Ritchie, feared when he came to Washington, that a personal difficulty would arise between Mr. Pleasants and his son, growing out of their fierce political and personal warfare. The duel was conducted in an unheard of manner, and seems more like butchery than any thing else. The seconds, as well as the principals, are to blame for the atrocity of the affair. The combatants should have gone to the field armed alike, for the revolving pistol of Mr. Ritchie gave him great advantages; yet what could he do but fire as rapidly as possible, to save his own life? Censure rests with all. I pray Heaven I may never be called on again to speak of such another butchery! R. P.

Fires.

☞ The extensive print work of Messrs J. P. Wendell & Co., near Bustleton, were discovered to be on fire about noon on Monday, and owing to the high wind raging at the time, threatened at one time every building on the ground, but through the exertions of the hands employed on the premises, and the assistance of persons from Bustleton and Frankford, the fire was confined to the one building in which it originated, which with some considerable amount of printing cloths, in a finished and unfinished state, together with a portion of machinery was totally destroyed.

The fire was the result of accident, and originated whilst the hands were at dinner, in the dry house. Building and goods fully insured in two offices, the Franklin and Pennsylvania.

☞ The Howard Athenæum, in Boston, formerly known as the "Miller Tabernacle," was consumed by fire on Monday night week, with its contents. An adjoining stable attached to the Pemberton House, was also considerably injured. The Athenæum was used for the purpose of a theatre, and its scenery and wardrobe were burned. The building was owned by Dr. Walker, of Charlestown, and leased by Messrs. Ford & Bayley. The performance of the evening had just been brought to a close when the flames were discovered.

☞ The house of Philip Grover, in Stillwater, near Swartwout's Pond, occupied by his sons, Gilbert I. and Samuel D. Grover, took fire on Tuesday week, and was, with its contents, including some $80 in bank bills, wholly consumed.

☞ A destructive fire broke out at Memphis, Tenn., on the 16th ult., by which real estate and merchandise was destroyed to the amount of $40,-000. The insurance was pretty full.

☞ On the 14th ultimo a fire occurred at Vicksburg, Miss., which destroyed more than twenty dwelling houses. Many families in moderate circumstances lost their all.

☞ On Thursday evening week, the satinett factory of Joseph L. Pickford, at Tatnuic Village, in Worcester, was destroyed.

☞ The dwelling of Mr. S. M. Weld, Jamaica Plains, near Boston, was destroyed last week. Insured for $6,000.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 [illegible] in advance.

Agents will please [illegible] their letters with their names or initials.

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Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for all bills.

Agents are requested to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorized to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Malone, Pa., September 15, 1845.*
Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent. and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Malone, Pa., September 15, 1845.*
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
SIR—I have this day received from John Halsey, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

GOODRICH'S NATIONAL GEOGRAPHY, *for Schools; illustrated by 220 engravings and 33 maps. With a Globe Map, on a new plan. New York: Huntington & Savage.* 1845. This admirable school Geography is by the celebrated Peter Parley, a name which, in itself, is a sufficient guarantee of excellence. One peculiar merit of this work is that it does not attempt too much; and therefor what it undertakes it achieves. Most school Geographies are ambitious of being also universal Geographies; their maps, as well as their letter-press are full and complete; and the consequence is that the learner, distracted by too many objects, carries away little in his memory after all. Now a school Geography ought to offer no more to the child's attention than he is competent to acquire; it should be only a skeleton, as it were, of geographical knowledge. For instance, the map of the United States should contain only the boundaries of each State, omitting the counties: the map of Europe, only the general outline of her kingdoms, omitting her petty German principalities. These the child can then remember; but give him also the minuter subdivisions of territory to learn, and he becomes perplexed and overtasked, and remembers nothing. The true secret of educating children is not to teach too much; and this secret Peter Parley bore in mind when writing this Geography.

We open this book at page 24, and find a small map of New England, which elucidates what we say, and may be taken as an example of the author's plan. The State of Massachusetts in this map has no counties marked off, nor any of the smaller towns put down. The only cities mentioned are Boston, Lowell, Worcester, Newburyport, Northampton, Springfield, Plymouth and New Bedford, which being the eight principal towns are thus fixed forever in the child's mind as such: when, had twenty other places also been put down, his mind would have been overtasked by so many names, and his memory of all been confused.

Another excellent feature in this work is the appropriate engravings, which, scattered through the text, assist the memory and encourage study. Of these engravings there are over 2..3. The text too is admirable, for it seizes the characteristics of every country and hits them off in the fewest possible words. Thus, speaking of the Southern States, the author says: "They are remarkable in three respects: first for a warm *climate*, second, *each State touches on the sea*; third, in all there is a *general use of slave labor*." And of Pennsylvania, the author gives an equally graphic description. "It is remarkable in *four respects*; first, as comprising the *centre of the Alleghany Mountains*; second, as having the *richest coal mines in the country*; third, as being the *seat of the chief iron manufactures of the Union*; and fourth, as having been *founded by English Quakers, under William Penn*."

We give it as our deliberate opinion, that this is the best school Geography now in use. It should be adopted in all the academies of the country.

THEOLOGY EXPLAINED AND DEFENDED, IN A SERIES OF SERMONS. *By Timothy Dwight, S. T. D., LL. D., late President of Yale College. With a Memoir of the Life of the Author. In Four Volumes. Vols. 1 and 2. Twelfth Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* 1846. The Sermons of President Dwight have long become classics among divines of his denomination; and in the present edition we have these discourses elegantly set forth in large type and on thick white paper. Every work worthy of a place in the library should be thus printed: to ephemeral novels ought to be consigned indifferent typography and flimsy paper. It is not always, now-a-days, that even works of merit are properly printed, and therefore this edition of Dwight should be regarded with increased gratification.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER, *for March*, is on our table. The original communications are "Medical Reform," "Experiment on the Temperature of Bodies after Death," "On the Identity of Variola, Varioloid, and Variola Vaccina; and on the Prophylactic Power of the Vaccine Disease," and a "Case of Extreme Diffusion of Odors." The biographical and editorial matter is ample. *Lindsay & Blakiston, publishers.*

GUY RIVERS. *A Tale of Georgia. By W. Gilmore Simms. Two volumes in one. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston, and T. B. Peterson.* This well known romance forms the fourteenth number of Harpers' Pocket Edition of Select Novels. It is one of the best works of Mr. Simms, and can be had in this edition at the reduced price of 25 cents.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE, *for March*, contains four engravings, one of which, "The Tax-Gatherers," is very excellent. The contributions are from the pens of our best writers; viz.—Mancur, Fanny Forester, Osgood, &c., &c. Mr. Arthur keeps up his Magazine with spirit, and deserves, as we have no doubt he will command, success.

Casualties.

☞ The Worcester (Mass.) Transcript mentions a fatal accident which occurred near the depot in Oxford, on Thursday evening, the 26th ult. A man by the name of Reuben Sibley, of Sutton, attempted to cross the track as the Worcester train was coming in. The warnings from the approaching train were disregarded. The engine struck Mr. Sibley's sleigh and threw him upon the track; the train passed over him and killed him instantly, horribly crushing him. The horse and sleigh escaped.

☞ The steamboat Saladin, while coming down from Nashville on the 13th ult., came into collision with the steamboat Congress, on her upward trip. About fifteen or twenty deck hands and firemen were drowned, and about ten badly scalded. All who were scalded were taken to Vicksburg and placed in the hospital there. Mr. David Hall, 1st engineer, and two firemen of the Congress, died on their arrival at Vicksburg, on Monday, the 16th ultimo.

☞ A little son of President White, of Wabash College, Ia., was killed a few days since by the kick of a horse.

☞ Mr. Grove Gaston, of Richmond, Massachusetts, a valuable citizen, and a painter, suffered a most afflictive calamity on Tuesday the 17th ult., in attempting to make a kettle of varnish. Having never before made the article, Mr. Gaston neglected the precaution of providing himself with a blanket for smothering the flame in case of ignition; and instead of making the fire in the open air for greater safety, he pursued the hazardous experiment in his dwelling house, over the kitchen stove. After the turpentine had become hot, he discovered that, by some means, (he supposed by its oozing through the kettle,) it was burning on the under side of the kettle. Alarmed at this, instead of putting out the fire in the stove, he seized the kettle to carry it out of the house; when instantly, on taking it off, the whole mass ignited and he was enveloped in the blazing spirits. He carried it half across the room, when it fell, and he left the room enveloped in a sheet of flame. He then ran up stairs, with his clothes burnt and his hair blazing, in the hope of saving something from the fire, but was nearly suffocated by the burning [illegible]. Few things were saved. He has lost his all; and now for several days past has been much of the time a raving maniac from his horrible sufferings. There is little hope of his life.

☞ Benjamin Jones of Lyndeborough, N. H., was frozen to death near his residence a few days since. His team was drawing a load of wood home, and when within a few rods of his house, they got into a snow drift, from which they could not extract themselves, and while endeavoring to rescue them, he was overcome by the cold and frozen to death.

☞ The wife of Paul J. Wheeler, Esq., Postmaster at Croydon Flat, N. H., was so badly burned, Feb. 9th, by her clothes taking fire from a stove, that she died in two days afterwards. Mrs. G. A. Graves was burned to death at Guilford, Vt., from the same cause.

☞ At Gaysville, Vermont, Orvis Bennett, son of Arthur B. of Woodstock, became entangled in the machinery while employed in the factory, and was instantly killed.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Scientific Inventions—A word about Fashions—Exploits of a Tiger and Hunt Extraordinary—The Weather—Dreadful Accidents—Manchester Enterprise—Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson—Small Classics—Miscellaneous—King Consort, a Vain and Empty Honor.

Bristol, England, February 1, 1846.

The scientific and railroad people here are full of two new inventions, the particulars of which could not be clearly described in writing, even if I knew and understood them, which I do not. They are the "Magneto-Atmospheric Railway," in which the powers of magnetism or electricity are combined with that of air—and the simple "Atmospheric, or Compressed Air-Railway." Either of these, it is believed, will supersede steam, both as a matter of economy and efficient speed—in fact the expense will be next to nothing. Models have been made, and the new motive power has been approved by scientific men of high character. So, you see, there is some probability of steam and the "fire-horse" being thrown into the shade. Truly we live in a wonderful age. The very elements are subdued to our will. Is not the millenium approaching? One could almost think so. Even the latest Parisian Fashions evince a religious, if not a millenial tendency—for we hear of little but ladies' dresses *a la religieuse*. For example—fashions for going to church are, redingote in court green, chatelaine in green wadded—Capote Fontanges in black satin—long Andalusian veil—and a large aumoniere, containing an Algerian purse and a prayer-book, bound in violet colored velvet, and closed with a large gold cross. There is also another novelty for walking dress, namely, robes of rich black velvet in Amazon style, or a robe of grey satin "hodden grey," Amazon form, fastened down the front by a row of buttons of the same color—a Pamela bonnet of purple velvet, trimmed with ribbons of the same color. Rich muffs of marten or sable fur. The general sentiment of these dresses is of the serious, and pensive—rather of the religious costume of by-gone days.

But I must leave these vain matters of art for a moment, to say something about savage nature in its most savage form, that is, in the form of a real Royal Bengal Tiger—measuring, as the showmen say—"eight feet from the nose to the tail, (exclusive of mighty feline whiskers,) and eight feet from the tail to the nose." Well! this monster escaped the other day in the village of Potter Heigham, near Yarmouth, from a menagerie. He ran, he raged, he roared, and he flew said quiet, peaceful village, to the manifest terror of the inhabitants, all of whom except a few men with guns, escaped to the upper rooms of their houses, aye, even to their roofs—"such a gettin' up stairs!" Many who ascended to the roofs of cottages, seeing the tiger below, popped in at their garret windows, with the agility of a clown in a pantomime—having suddenly remembered, doubtless, that tigers could spring some twenty or thirty feet and seize their prey. It is probable that the cries, screams and shouts really produced more terror to the animal, than was felt by the villagers, for the hero of Indian jungles soon cleared out of the place, and took to the meadows, where his first exploit was the killing and devouring of a sheep—shortly afterwards killing two more in the next field. As for squealing pigs, or grunting, unwielding porkers—he treated them all with scorn and contempt, as being beneath his notice—but amongst the sheep he continued to prove himself, in the course of a very few hours, a very demon of destruction. The farmers and their men, together with the proprietor of the menagerie and their *employes* soon formed a formidable hunting party, consisting of horse and foot—but a growl or two from the tiger on seeing the horses, in tones indicative of a desire for further acquaintance, kept the cavalry at a respectable distance. At length, after a long chase, the rear of which was brought up by the tiger's den on a wagon, he was found under a hedge, taking shelter from the north wind—and he was tempted by his keeper by the exhibition of sundry pieces of beef, to enter his prison-house, when the barred door was slipped down, and he was once more fairly caged—thus restoring peace and safety to the quiet inhabitants of Potter Heigham. Had this memorable escape occurred in the summer instead of winter, it is probable that it would have been attended with much more trouble, and perhaps also, with a loss of human life.

The weather here has been delightful—primroses, snow-drops, and the early wild spring flowers already enamel the hedge-rows, and there is an abundance of young grass springing up for cattle and sheep; while here and there a few fruit trees may be seen in blossom. Still, between this and jocund, sportive May, many a "nipping and an eager air" will probably be felt. The other night, a superb meteor, large and bright as the sun at noon-day, was seen in Lancashire and the northern counties, much to the admiration, and no little to the alarm, of the startled gazers. I regret to record several shocking accidents. Near Liverpool, a few days ago, a water-tank burst, containing 250,000 gallons, which washed away several houses, and drowned six people. At Mr. John Russell's coal-works in Monmouthshire, on Monday week, an explosion of fire-damp took place, which instantly killed thirty miners. At Kendal, an immense mill and factory, just built, have been destroyed by a gale of wind. At Kilninchy, Ireland, three men were drowned by the upsetting of a boat; at Inverness, Scotland, three others, who were highly respected inhabitants. The new light-house, recently placed on the Goodwin Sands, by Mr. Bush, disappeared in a night, having sunk beneath the surface; and in France, a large railway viaduct, built on thirty arches, fell in a moment. Speaking of railways, the people of Manchester seem disposed to speculate in them with a perfect furor—for notwithstanding that they now travel by a capital railroad more than two hundred miles in six hours to the Great Metropolis—yet they have taken it into their heads that they can save an hour by a shorter cut. You know "time is money,"—and therefore have they raised among themselves twelve millions sterling, for a "direct railway," which is now in active progress. Their vast manufactures are more valuable to them than would be the Mines of Mexico and Peru. They are now raising the trifling amount of a quarter of a million sterling, for the Anti-Corn Law League. In fact, the preponderance of power is fast falling from the hands of the Aristocracy and landed interest, into the hands of the manufacturers. Witness Sir Robert Peel's new Tariff and Free Trade policy; all produced by pressure from without." But, these, I find, are venturing on the forbidden grounds of politics. The manufactures of iron steadily increase at the rate of one hundred thousand tons per annum; South Wales being the largest producer, and Staffordshire the next.

There is but little that is new in the literary world—Dickens's new London Daily paper, on liberal principles, being the principal feature. The first numbers give great satisfaction—but the expenses of his establishment are enormous, and many persons fear for the result of the speculation—the political ground of England, so far as refers to the two great parties and their cliques and coteries,—being chiefly monopolized by the Times and Morning Chronicle. A loss has been sustained to literature in the death of Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson. That lady was the authoress of several excellent poems, and in 1837, gained a prize from the Melodists' Club, for a song, in the face of two hundred competitors. She also gained a prize from the Cardiff Festival of Welsh Bards, for a poem on Queen Victoria. She wrote the third volume of Parry's Welsh Melodies, edited *La Belle Assemblee*, for several years; and produced in prose, "Chronicles of Life;"—Memoirs of Monk Lewis—Life of the Duchess of St. Albans—"Our Actress," &c.; while she bore an estimable character in private life. Rather a new style of literature is making its appearance in our magazines—namely, the turning of old Monkish Legends, and of Nursery Rhymes into Latin verse. It is rather a small game, certainly; but some of them are very cleverly done. I give you a specimen from Bentley.

"Jack and Jill
Went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."

Thus turned into classic (?) verse.

"Johannes [illegible]
Ambo [illegible]
Hauriat aquam, montem
Ascendit: Hic
Et ille sic,
Prolapsus, fregit frontem."

I notice with regret, that several deeds of violence have been committed in Ireland by a body of men called "Molly Maguires"—who have turned several farmers out of their homes, and murdered two or three persons. At Enniskillen, a young lady named Irving, has been robbed and murdered by her servant maid, who is in custody. Several landlords have reduced the rents of their potato-grounds—some one-third and some two-thirds. In England too, several heavy crimes have of late been committed. A few days since a farmer murdered a Mr. Bott, of Tetbury, who had a large sum of money about him, by pushing him into a river. So, Prince Albert, as the Court Journals say, is to be raised (Parliament permitting) to the rank of "King Consort." Some persons are "pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw;" and such would be the case with the husband of our Queen. He had better be contented, for no man living is better off, or ought to be happier. The title he seeks—that is, if the report be true—is a vain thing. So far as power is concerned, nothing can be more empty, more unsatisfactory to ambition than "King Consort." To be the husband of an excellent wife, one of the chief ladies in all this world, ought surely to content him. He now seeks to be a splendid shadow.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

We have no letter from Harrisburg this week, the mails having been so much delayed; but there is little legislative news of general interest to record.

The bill granting the *right of way* to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in other words allowing it to make a connection with Pittsburg, came up again in the Senate last week, and was fiercely debated, for it is a subject on which great warmth prevails both with its friends and opponents. The bill finally passed, ayes 17, nays 13.

The general impression is that the bill will be lost in the House. In Philadelphia the sentiment of opposition to the bill, as aiming a deadly blow at the trade of this city, is almost universal. Pittsburg, on the contrary, is eager for the passage of the bill.

Financial.

EXPENSES OF THE U. S.

The Secretary of the Treasury in his official report of the estimated receipts and expenditures for the fiscal year, ending the 30th of June, 1846, puts down the receipts at $34,478,306 22, and the expenditures at $29,627,051 90; leaving an estimated balance in the Treasury, at the above date, of $4,851,244 32.

U. S. BANK.—On Monday a meeting of the stockholders of the United States Bank was held in this city, when the committee appointed at the last meeting reported as to the annual expenses of the institution, as to the salaries of the trustees, officers and agents respectively, and as to the controversy between the Bank and the Government. The President of the Bank, J. Robertson, stated that the entire business was in the hands of the Trustees of the Bank, and none others could interfere with them, and that two of the trusts had been audited and filed in the Common Pleas.

John Gethen, Esq., submitted the following

Resolved, That the President and Directors of the United States Bank be requested to report to the Stockholders at their next meeting, to be held agreeably to adjournment, on

The present condition of the Bank, and the progress of the trustees of the four assignments, viz.—Of May 1; June 7, and September 4 and 7, 1841.

Have the Post Notes held by the banks of the city and county of Philadelphia been paid off and discharged?

If so, what balance has been re-conveyed to the United States Bank?

The Trust of June 7, 1841, to pay Deposits and Notes. When may a dividend be expected from that Trust?

The Assignments and Trusts made September 4 and 7, 1841, to pay judgments heretofore obtained, and creditors in Europe—What payments and settlements have been made by the Trustees? Adopted.

Dr. John A. Elkinton submitted the following, with a Preamble:

Resolved, That the Board of Directors be instructed to apply to the Trustees, to ascertain the number and salaries of persons appointed or employed by the Trustees respectively; and whether the continuance of so many persons, at such high salaries, is necessary or essential to the interests of the Institution; and whether the annual amount of salaries cannot be reduced.

Resolved further, That said Committee be authorized by the Stockholders, respectfully to call upon the Trustees, and request from them an exhibit showing the different securities held by this Bank, in detail—the domestic indebtedness, with particulars, Banks, &c.

Resolved, That when we adjourn, it is to meet in this place on the first Monday of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ From the annual reports of Massachusetts railroads, we gather that upon the Lowell road a nett income of $177,025, or nearly ten per cent. upon its capital, was realized during the last year—on the Main $132,964, or about seven per cent. upon its paid up capital—on the Providence $197,827, or over ten per cent.—on the Worcester $237,728, or a shade over eight per cent—on the Eastern $233,309, or over ten per cent.—on the Nashua $64,680, or 13 per cent.—on the New Bedford $48,726, or twelve per cent.—on the Norwich $70,079 for 11 months, or four and a half per cent.—on the Taunton $15,647, or six per cent., after the purchase of new engines, new depot, &c. On the Western road the nett earnings were, exclusive of interest, $442,834 upon a cost of $7,741,754, or nearly six per cent. On the Fitchburg, to Feb. 1st, nearly ten per cent. for that year.

☞ As an evidence of the vast extent to which a county may attain in agricultural purposes, one instance is cited, that of Marion county, Ohio, which is the smallest in the State in point of territory, and it is only twenty-five years since the first acre of land was sold by the government. During the past year, there were exported—of wheat, flax seed, grass seeds, butter, wool, and pot and pearl ashes, they put the weight in lbs. at 15,653,600. Eighteen thousand hogs and eight thousand cattle, besides horses and mules are annually driven off. There are thirty flour and grist mills, forty-seven saw-mills, and twenty-four carding machines, fulling, and oil mills, and besides all these, 1,200,000 bushels of corn and oats are raised, which are not exported to much extent, because of the distance and cost of transportation.

☞ The Boston Traveller, says that poor families in some parts of Boston, have to pay for every pail of water which they use, two cents.

☞ A Provincial Lunatic Asylum on a large scale, is about to be built at Toronto.

☞ The State tobacco warehouse, at St. Louis, Missouri, seems to be the favorite scene of revels of all kinds. Some weeks ago the ladies of the city had an oyster supper there; on the 12th inst. there was a supper for the benefit of the North Presbyterian Church, with plenty of good eating and good music; and on the 21st it was again the scene of a supper for the benefit of the Washington Fire Company, when among the delicacies was promised a veritable Arkansas bear weighing over three hundred pounds.

☞ The Directors of the Bank of Boston having received from John Williams, Esq., the remainder of the sum due on a note for $3,900, given by Messrs. Sewall, Williams & Co., in the year 1827, which remainder the Bank had long ago charged off to profit and loss, and given the firm a full acquittance, they caused two pieces of plate to be prepared, and a few days ago presented them to Mr. Williams "as a testimonial of regard for his personal integrity and high character as an honorable merchant."

☞ The expenses of getting railway petitions through the British Parliament are enormous. It was stated in the House of Lords that the petitioners in one instance were subjected to an expense of £50,000 in carrying their petitions through Parliament, when the whole cost of their road was estimated at only £200,000. The same expense is incurred in opposing a railway project.

☞ The London Mining Journal says:—"We have written upon paper manufactured from iron, and seen a book with both leaves and binding of the same material."

☞ Romulus M. Saunders, of N. C., appointed Minister to Spain, supercedes the Hon. Washington Irving, who has requested to be recalled.

Various Matters.

☞ The shocks that were felt last October in Long Island, Connecticut, and various other places are explained by late advices from the East. It appears that repeated shocks of earthquakes were felt at Smyrna, Calcutta, &c., about that time, occasioning much damage and alarm. Eight houses fell at Ploemari, and forty more were damaged, as well as some twenty-five shops and warehouses. Only two of the eighty houses at Liskoll were left standing. At Assam there were three shocks, two of which were very violent, accompanied by great noises and undulations of the earth. At the latest dates continued shocks were felt at Calcutta.

☞ Resolutions have been introduced into the Legislature of New Jersey, requiring an enquiry to be made into the charges preferred against the people on Squan Beach, of having refused to render assistance to passengers on board the wrecked ship John Minturn during the late storm—of having plundered the bodies of every thing valuable upon them, and of having in some instances exacted money for the delivery of the dead bodies. The resolutions also call for proper and efficient means to be devised, to guard against a repetition of such atrocities.

☞ During the month of January last, the U. S. snag boats employed in the Mississippi Rivers, removed 7,756 obstructions or snags—at an expense of $14,873 90. Among the snags removed were those upon which the steamers Lucy Long and Monticello were wrecked. The Louisville Journal pays a high compliment to those engaged in the work, not only for the faithful, but also the economical manner in which it was done.

☞ The St. Louis Reveille states on the authority of a gentleman "who is fully acquainted with the statistics of the Illinois Trade," that there are now upwards of 500,000 bushels of wheat in store, between Peru and the mouth of the Illinois river. There are twelve packets already engaged in the Illinois trade, and it is expected that it will occupy them during six weeks, to bring out the full amount of this single article of produce.

☞ The attention of some of the public authorities in Boston has been called to the consequences likely to result from the convicts in the Massachusetts State Prison being taught the art of bank note engraving. The Warden of the prison being applied to for information on the subject, replied that the engraving is confined to labels for dry goods, a business in no way connected with making bank notes.

☞ The London Morning Chronicle denies the position of the Times, that a war with America would be popular in England, and adds the middle class regard the mighty transatlantic republic not only with admiration, but with pride, as a magnificent demonstration of the progressive energy and self-governing power of their own victorious race.

☞ A Troy paper suggests that the following placard shall be placed over the entrance to the Auburn prison:—

"FLAYING ALIVE DONE HERE.
By Messrs. Carey & Co."

☞ Among the articles now exported largely to England, are clothes pins, (which are carried over by hundreds of hogsheads) ivory and wood combs, augurs, gimlets and cut tacks. In all these things we supply the English market.

☞ The calendar for a recent term of the Salford Hundred Sessions, England, contained the names of 54 persons charged with felony, of whom 21 could neither read or write, and 24 could read and write very imperfectly.

☞ A case has been recently decided by the Supreme Court, in session at Springfield, in which the validity of tax titles, generally, came in question. The decision is altogether favorable to that description of titles.

Items of News.

☞ The Boston and Providence and Stonington Railroads have formed a connection with a line of steamboats to run between New York and Stonington, to go into effect on the first of April, by which the time of travel will probably be reduced two hours.

☞ A writer in the Raleigh (N. C.) Register states that within the last two or three weeks, upwards of one hundred of the young gentlemen connected with the University, at Chapel Hill, have signed the total abstinence pledge.

☞ It is worthy of remark that Madam Costello, who is now in the Penitentiary for her infamous practices, threatened the editors of the New York Express with a libel suit, for publishing the police record of her incarceration.

☞ A pigeon, the London Spectator says, which was despatched from Southampton at ten o'clock arrived at its home in Drury Lane at twenty-five minutes past eleven; upwards of seventy-miles in eighty-five minutes.

☞ The North River is closed some distance below Newburgh, and at Albany the ice is two feet thick. The weather for the past few days has not been of a character to mend the matter.

☞ The clergy of Portsmouth, N. H., of all denominations, have united in a Circular to their ministerial brethren throughout the land, to speak on the subject of peace and war.

☞ The Massachusetts Legislature have refused to take up the question of reimbursing the owners of the Charlestown Convent, destroyed by a mob, by a vote of 110 to 57.

☞ The authorities of New Orleans were asked a few days ago, for permission to allow masked processions through the streets on Shrove Tuesday. It was acceded to.

☞ A woman named Callahan was recently convicted of arson in the second degree at Rochester, and sentenced to ten years and six months imprisonment at Sing Sing.

☞ The friends of peace in New York are signing an Address at the Exchange, responding to the friendly addresses of the people of England on the Oregon question.

☞ Scarlet Fever is prevailing to an alarming extent in Ohio, one hundred children died of it in the vicinity of Chilicothe, during six weeks ending 20th ult.

☞ The Lexington Observer totally denies the rumors of duels or affrays between Cassius M. Clay and T. F. Marshall.

☞ Greenwood Cemetery, on Long Island, is to be enlarged by the addition of one hundred and twenty acres.

☞ The people of Portland, Me., have had eighty eight days of sleighing, with the prospect of half as many more.

☞ In Northern Pennsylvania the depth of snow now varies from two to four feet deep.

☞ Bituminous coal is selling at Louisville for fourteen cents a bushel.

☞ Two young women lately set fire to a meeting house of the Reformers in Boone county, Ky., and burnt it to ashes, because the Church had refused them membership.

☞ The first newspaper in Virginia was printed in 1780.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ The mission ship Warren recently sailed from Liverpool, provided with every thing that human forethought could suggest, for establishing Missionary operations on the West Coast of Africa, and the auspices of the *Free Church of Scotland's Society*. Four of the Missionaries who sailed in the Warren are colored persons, whose constitutions may be expected to endure the climate. The use of the ship is the gift of an opulent Liverpool merchant.

☞ Bishop Boone writes that the prospects of his mission to China are cheering. Preaching and tract distribution in the towns and villages about Shanghi (the Boston of China) are unobstructed.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

2170 shares	Vicksburg Bank,	[illegible]
150 do.	Reading R. R. cash,	33¼
100 do.	N. American Insurance Co.	7½
60 do.	United States Bank, b5,	6
30 do.	Girard Bank,	9¼
20 do.	Commercial Bank,	29¼
15 do.	Lehigh Coal,	15
6 do.	Far. and Mec. Bank,	43½a44
5 do.	Philadelphia Bank, 15,	107¼
$1000	State 5's, s5,	71½
$2500	do.	71¾
$4000	County 6's,	103
$4000	State 5's, b5,	71¼
$5000	State 5's,	71½
$1100	City 5's, 1870,	100¼
$5000	Reading R. R. Bonds,	75½
$4000	Lehigh Interest,	44
$1000	Texas Tres. Notes,	20
$1000	Cincin. 6's,	94¼

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post.

REVIEW FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 3.

REMARKS—The unusual severity of the weather, and a violent snow storm, which blocked up the roads, have retarded operations. The navigation of the Delaware has also been partially suspended by large masses of floating ice.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Last week there was an active demand on Monday and Tuesday for flour, with sales of 9000 bbls for export at $4,75a4,81¼; for common and good fair, and $4,87½ for selected brands. Since then the demand has become limited, partly owing to the scarcity of vessels for Europe, but prices are steady. Sales of common and fair brands at $4,75a4,81¼; half barrels at $5,12a5,18 per pair and selected brands at $4,87½. Week's sales about 2400 barrels. Rye Flour—Further sales at $3,50. Corn meal is scarce, but no sales since Friday. Previously sales at $3 per bbl. We quote $3.

GRAIN—The sales of wheat have been limited at $1,07a1,08 per bush. for good southern for making starch. For grinding millers will not buy at these rates. Pa. red we quote at $1,04a1,06 per bushel. *Rye*—Sales of southern at 70a72c. If here it would now command 73, and Pa. 76a78c. Corn—No arrivals by water and prices have improved. Sales of southern yellow flat at 62; Pa. flat 62 and round at 65c. Corn would command higher rates. Oats—No arrivals and no sales of southern. We quote 38a39c.

PROVISIONS—Supplies from the west are now coming forward freely. Sales of mess pork in small lots, at $12,50, and prime at $11 per bbl. We quote mess at $12a12,50, and prime at $10,50a11. Bacon—Sales of 1600 old hams at 6a7c per lb. New hams, city smoked, at 9, and shoulders at 6 cts. Sales of 130 casks pork in pickle and salt, on terms not made public. Lard—Sales of 700 kegs new western at 7¼a7½c, and small lots at 7¾c. Butter—Sales of roll at 11a15, and hard packed at 10½c in kegs at 11a11½c. Cheese ranges from 7¾ to 8½c per lb.

BARK—We have no sales of quercitron bark to note. Holders ask $25 per ton for No. 1.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 29c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—Moderate sales of sperm at 26½a27, and mould tallow at 9½c per lb.

COAL—The heavy fall of snow has obstructed the transportation of coal on the lateral railroads in the interior, and the receipts have been limited, while the demand has improved. Sales of and contracts for Schuylkill red ash coal, lump, at $3,75 per ton, cash; broken at $3,90, and egg and stove at $4. White ash at 12½c per ton less. Several contracts for Lehigh lump at $3,75, and broken and egg at $4, cash, at Bristol. By retail, prices are steady, and the stocks are nearly exhausted.

COFFEE—The want of stocks in first hands to operate in, prevents transactions. We have no sales of any extent to note.

COPPER—Sheathing is steady at 23c per lb.

COTTON—The demand during part of last week was active, but during the last three days it has been limited—but few manufacturers having been in the city. Sales of 450 bales Uplands at 7¾a8¾; 275 bales New Orleans at 8¼a9½c for middling to good fair quality, which is ¼ of advance on the finer sorts. Total week's sales 725 bales. We quote middling Upland at 7½a7¾; middling fair 7⅞a8½; and fair 8¼a8½c per lb.

DRUGS AND DYES—A sale of 20 cases lac dye was made at 17c per lb. Some tartaric acid at 38c. Bichromate of potash at 20; and prussiate at 57½c per lb—all on time.

FEATHERS—Sales of 6000 lbs western at 23 to 30 cts per lb for inferior to good quality.

FISH—The transactions in mackerel continue on a restricted scale at steady prices; No. 2 may be quoted at $6a9,50 and No. 1 at $10a12,50 per bbl. Codfish $3a3,25 per 100 lbs.

FRUIT—Sales of 300 boxes Sicily oranges at $3,25 per box; dried peaches at $2,25a2,75 per bushel, for unpared qurs and halves; apples at $1,12½.

GINSENG—No sales have transpired this week.

HEMP—A sale of 100 bales western dew-rot at $90a95 per ton for common and good quality. The last sale of Manilla was made at $157 50, all 6 mos.

HIDES—Sales of 1400 Porto Cabello hides at 9½c per lb, 6 mos.

HOPS—Sales 1st sort at 24c per lb.

INDIGO—Sales of 10 chests Bengal at $1a$1 per lb, 6 mos, for common to fair quality; 30 ceroons Caraccas at 90a95c per lb.

IRON—Prices are steady and holders rather firmer, but the demand has been limited. Sales of 250 tons Anthracite pig at $27 for No. 2, and $27a29,50 for No. 1—100 tons charcoal forge pig at $31 per ton, all on time.—In blooms no sales reported. Bar iron is dull at $80a85 per ton.

LEAD—No sales of pig lead. We quote $4,50 cash and $4,62½, 6 mos.

MOLASSES—All the recent arrivals offered in the market have been sold at full former rates. A cargo of 240 casks Matanzas was sold at 23; 150 hhds old Cienfuegos at 23; 50 hhds old Porto Rico at 27½; and 40 hhds Matanzas poor, at about 20c, all on time. Last sales of New Orleans were at 29½c, 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of 500 bbls common rosin at $1a1,12½ per bbl for small and large size bbls. Tar—Sales at $1,50a2,75. Spirits of turpentine—Sales at 65c on the wharf, now held higher.

OIL—A sale of 2100 gallons linseed oil at 61½c, cash, in casks. Sperm and whale oils are inactive at previous rates. Lard oil is held at 68 to 73c.

PLASTER—No cargoes have arrived and no sales have transpired.

RICE—Sales of 65 tcs at 4 to 4½c per lb, for fair and good quality, cash and 4 mos.

SALT—No cargo sales.

SEEDS—Last week there was an export demand for cloverseed, with sales of 700 bushels at $5,12½a5,75 per bushel for fair and prime free. The orders being filled, the price has given way, and there are now no buyers above $5,37½ for strictly prime. Sales of ordinary lots at $4,87½, and a prime lot at $5,25 per 64 lbs. Timothy—Sales at $2,50a2,62½. Flaxseed—A sale of 800 bushels at $1,27 per bushel.

SPICES—Market inactive. Sales of cloves at 31a32c per lb.

SPIRITS—Sales limited. Bordeaux brandy at $1,50a1,95, and Rochelle at $1a2,05. Fish gin at $1,30. N. E. rum in bbls at 37c. Whiskey is scarce and one cent higher. Sales in hhds at 28a29, and in bbls at 29a34 cts, closing at the highest rates.

SUGAR—The sales show no variation in prices and part of the receipts of New Orleans have been stored.—Since Friday no sales of magnitude. Sales of 230 hhds New Orleans at 6½a7 cts for only fair and good quality; 300 hhds old Porto Rico, part at 7¼a7½ and part price withheld; 70 boxes Cuba brown at 7½; 330 boxes Havana price not stated; 700 bags white Brazil at 9½c, all on time; 41 hhds New Orleans, damaged, were sold by auction at 4¼a5½c, cash.

TALLOW—Sales of city rendered at 7¼a7½c per lb.

TEAS—By auction 210 half chests were sold at from 15 to 65c per lb.

TOBACCO—Sales of 30 hhds Kentucky at 2½ to 5 and Maysville at 9c per lb, part for export.

WINES—Prices are steady and no sales of magnitude.

WOOL—Sales in lots of 40a50,000 lbs domestic wool at steady prices. Among the sales was a lot of 90 bales pulled and tub washed at 27½ and 30c per lb, on time.

COAL FREIGHTS—But little doing. We quote to Boston at $1a2,12½; Providence and Fall River $1,75a1,87½; and New York $1a1,12½ per ton.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Offered 1000 head beef cattle, including 300 taken to New York; 140 cows and calves; 450 swine and 1400 sheep. Prices—Beeves rule higher, and sales were mostly at $5a7 the 100 lbs; a few extra brought a shade more. Cows and calves sell at $14a30. Swine—Sales range at $5½a6 the 100 lbs. Sheep—Being better prices, we quote at $2a5 each, as in quality. Hay—The price has improved slightly, and good timothy sells at [illegible] the 100 bundles.

Baltimore, Feb 27.—The supply of beeves continues small, and the demand is quite active, with considerable improvement in prices. There were 250 head offered at the scales on Monday, of which 195 head were taken by city butchers at prices ranging from $2,37½ to 3,50 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $4,75a6,75 nett—average of the sales about $3 [illegible]. There were 24 head left over unsold, and 27 driven to Washington. Hogs—Sales are making at $6,50 to $6,62 per 100 pounds, according to quality.

New York, March 2.—At market 1000 beef cattle, 70 cows, 1000 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef cattle sell at $4a5,50 per 100 lbs; cows at $14a30; sheep and lambs at $2a4 each.

Richmond, Feb 28.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $4a$5,00; nett $8a$9,00, according to quality. Mutton—$3a4, according to quality.

CONSTIPATION OF THE BOWELS or Costiveness, headache, giddiness, pain in the side and breast, nausea and sickness, variable appetite, yellow or swarthy complexion, &c., are the usual symptoms of Liver Complaint—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are always certain to remove the above complaints, because they purge from the body those morbid humors which are the cause not only of all disorders of the liver, but of every malady incident to man. A single 25 cent box will in all cases give relief, and perseverance will most assuredly drive every particle of disease from the body.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also completely cleanse the stomach and bowels of all bilious and putrid humors, and therefore are a certain cure for cholic, dysentery, cholera morbus and other disorders of the intestines.

CAUTION.—It should be remembered that a man, by the name of Samuel Reed, who sells medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, in Gay street, two doors east of Market street, Baltimore, is not an agent of mine, neither can I guarantee as genuine any that he has for sale.

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from no person, unless he can show a certificate of Agency, or at the office and general depot, No. 169 Race Street, Philadelphia, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

WILLIAM WRIGHT.

MAHAN'S FASHION PLATE.—Mr. F. Mahan, the celebrated reflector of Fashion and Grace in the art of cutting and modelling gentlemens' habiliments, has just issued what we pronounce to be the most highly finished and beautiful Fashion Plate we have ever examined. It presents the *London, Paris and Philadelphia Fashions for Spring and Summer of 1846*, in the drawing-room and promenade, including an equestrian portrait of Gen. Scott, taken from authentic portrait at the close of the last war. The materials and patterns are varied and beautifully distinct; and coloring really exquisite. Mr. M.'s office is No. 211 Chesnut street.—*Saturday Courier, Feb. 28, 1846.*

ALMANAC.

March, 1846.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
7 Saturday,	6 18	5 42	10 49	
8 Sunday,	6 16	5 44	11 49	D. H. M.
9 Monday,	6 15	5 45	morn	
10 Tuesday,	6 14	5 46	12 26	
11 Wednesday,	6 12	5 48	1 5	First 4 3 31
12 Thursday,	6 11	5 49	1 48	Full 12 9 48
13 Friday,	6 10	5 50	2 13	Last 20 8 57
14 Saturday,	6 8	5 52	2 47	New 27 12 59

Married,

On Thursday evening, the 26th ult. by the Rev. John Chambers, JOHN C. ARRISON, of Philadelphia, to SARAH, daughter of Joseph Tallman, of Holmesburg.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. JAS. SMITH, of New York city, to Miss CATHERINE MURRAY, of Lansingburg, N. J.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, BENJ. F. BACHE, M. D., U. S. Navy, to ELIZABETH C. daughter of E. W. Cook, Esq. of this city.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. George Lacey, Mr. THOMAS ZANE, to Miss MARY ANN HARKINS, all of Southwark.

On the 1st inst. by the same, Mr. JAMES CAREY, to Miss HESTER BROWN, all of Southwark.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, on the 23d ult. Mr. THOS. MITCHELL, to Miss ELEANOR J. CHEETHAM.

On the 11th ult. by the Rev. W. Metcalf, Mr. FRANCIS CARRIS, to Miss LEVIA MARSHALL, all of Kensington.

On the 15th ult. by the Rev. E. Gerry, Mr. JOHN H. PRICE, of Baltimore, to Miss EDITH A. ALWARD, formerly of Trenton, N. J.

On the 26th ult. in Baltimore, by the Rev C. Krauth, L. REX PETERS, of Philadelphia, to ANNA ELIZABETH, daughter of Wm. Field, Esq. of Baltimore.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Charles Brown, Mr. JNO. KINGSLEY, to Miss ANN CAVENAUGH, all of Fairmount, Philadelphia.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. William Barns, Mr. JAMES D. TEWKSBURY, to Miss HELEN READ, both of Southwark.

On the 3d inst. JOSEPH POTTS, Jr. of Church Town, Lancaster county, to ANNIE, daughter of the Rev. John C. Clay, D. D. of Philadelphia.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Benj Dorr, D. D., GABRIEL H. WOODEN, of N. York, to ELIZABETH D. daughter of the late Dockray Smith, of this city.

On the 25th of Dec. 1844, by the Rev George Lacey, Mr. CHARLES B. POTTENGER, son of the late Lieutenant Wm. Pottenger, U. States Navy, of Maryland, to Miss SARAH ANN, only daughter of the late John Quickwell, Esq. of Philada.

Died,

On the 4th inst. LILLY ANN, youngest daughter of Andrew and Isabella Smyth, aged 1 year and 5 months.

On the 3d inst. MARIA ELIZABETH, youngest child of Anthony and Charlotte Brown, aged 3 years, 5 months and 29 days.

On the 15th ultimo, at Kalamazoo, Michigan, SABINA, wife of the Hon. H. M. Comstock.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. ANNA E. FOX, aged 25 years.

On the 3d inst. Mr. MICHAEL B. WALTMAN, in the 65th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. EMILY, infant daughter of Henry and Susannah Myers, aged 9 months and 1 day.

On the 2d inst. FRANCIS K. SHEAFF, son of David W. and Maria Sheaff, in the 3d year of his age.

On the 3d inst. Mr. LOUDON MACDONALD, in the 34th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. Mr. SAMUEL SHILLINGS, in the 46th year of his age.

On the 28th ult. JOHN HAWK, in the 34th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH KERR, aged 61 years.

On the 28th ult. Mr. JOSEPH PRICHETT, Sr. in the 69th year of his age.

On the 1st inst. JOHN J. SPROGLE.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. CATHARINE BOYLE, in the 83d year of her age.

On the 1st inst. Miss ELIZA J. BURNS, aged 65 years.

On the 28th ult. LEVI DEAN, in the 27th year of his age.

On the 28th ult. Mr. JAMES CARTY, aged 45 years.

On the 27th ult. Mr. ALEXANDER ATCHESON, aged 37 years.

Suddenly, on the 28th ult. JULIA C. WALTMAN, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. ADELAIDE, daughter of Wm. and Catharine Spackman, in the 7th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. SARAH, daughter of Jacob and Elizabeth Young, aged 2 years and 20 days.

On the 1st inst. Mr. JACOB DITHMAR, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. MARY KIRKPATRICK, aged 37 years.

On the 28th ult. Mr. NESHACK LEWIS, in the 30th year of his age, formerly of Accomack county, Va.

On the 1st inst. MARGARET ELIZA, daughter of Francis A. and Elizabeth Fox, aged 1 year, 4 months and 9 days.

On the 28th ult. FREDERIC C. HUSMANN, M. D. in the 38th year of his age.

On the 27th ult. MARGARET HALL, widow of the late Wm. Hall, in the 63d year of her age.

On the 27th ult. SILVIA HILDRETH, infant daughter of S. S. and Rebecca Bishop.

At New York, on the 24th ult. MARY J. wife of Capt. Martin, aged 32 years.

HEALTH OFFICE, FEBRUARY, 28, 1846.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 21st to the 28th February.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess of Brain,	1	0	Brought over,	38	33
Angina Pectoris,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	3
Apoplexy,	2	0	—Bronchi,	0	5
Burns,	1	0	—Lungs,	4	2
Casualties,	3	0	—Stomach and Bowels,	2	0
Croup,	0	1	—Spinal Marrow,	1	0
Congestion of the Brain,	0	2	—Liver,	3	0
Childbed,	1	0	—Peritoneum,	2	0
Cholera Infantum,	0	1	—Pleura,	0	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	20	3	Inanition,	0	2
Convulsions,	0	7	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	0	—Malformation of the Heart,	0	1
—Abdominal,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	4
—Head,	0	6	Scirrhus,	1	0
—Breast,	1	0	Scrofula,	0	1
Disease of Brain,	0	1	Small Pox,	2	9
—Heart,	1	0	Still Born,	0	8
Debility,	0	3	Teething,	0	1
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Ulcerated Sore Throat,	0	1
Fever, Typhus,	1	0	Unknown,	7	4
—Scarlet,	1	9	Violence,	0	1
Hernia,	1	0	Whooping Cough,	0	1
Hæmorrhage,	1	0			
Carried over,	38	33	Total, 139—	62	77

Of the above there were 5 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 14 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb. 22,	33	34	33
23,	21	29	26
24,	32	31	35
25,	23	28	27
26,	17	20	24
27,	13	17	22
28,	20	24	25

MAHAN'S SPRING FASHIONS.

IN PRESENTING OUR SPRING REPORTS and FASHION PLATES to the trade, we can say without fear of contradiction, that there never has been produced in the United States a publication equal to the present number, in style, execution, and taste. The object of the publisher has been always to improve; and to do which he has spared no expense or labor, and as a necessary consequence his subscription list presents a goodly array. The success of MAHAN'S FASHIONS may be attributed to the *well known fact that he is a practical Tailor*. We must be students before we become teachers, otherwise, those whom we teach would derive very little benefit from our instruction. Thus we may safely say, it requires a gramarian to teach gramer, a mathematician mathematics, and a Tailor, garment cutting and making. It is a fact, that many of the publishers of Fashions are not Tailors.

The REPORTS and FASHION PLATES will be ready for delivery between the 10th and 15th inst.

1t FRANCIS MAHAN, No. 211 Chesnut street.

☞ Inch Measures, Tailor's Crayons, &c., always on hand.

INFORMATION OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE!!!

DR. JACKSON'S CELEBRATED PILE EMBROCATION may be bought of the following agents: Dr. D. Jayne, and C. Stevens, Phila; A. B. & D. Sands, New York; Carter, Wilson & Co., Boston, Mass; T. C. Butler, Derby Line, Vt; Alex. Jaynes, Pittsburg, Pa.; J. W. Sheppard, Cincinnati, Ohio; G. D. Miller, Jacksonville, Florida; S. M. Hinsdale, Fayetteville, N. C.; O. G. Henderson, N. C.; William O'Cain, Washington, N. C.; J. V. B. Fowler & Co., Newburgh, N. Y.; F. W. Fuller, Washington city, D. C.; J. D. Allen, Apalachicola; Smith & Catlin, Pensacola, Florida; Jennings & Osgood, Memphis, Tenn.; T. M. Turner & Co., Savannah, Ga.; G. S. Givens, Paducah, Ky.; Duval & Purcell, Richmond, Va.; M. Lutz, Harrisburg, Pa.; A. Bosseau, New Orleans, La. 1t

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, to T. B. PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

INFORMATION IS WANTED of SAMUEL LEWIS, formerly of Schuylkill county, Penn., from whence he went some twenty years ago to the western part of this State or to the State of Ohio, and has not been heard of since. If still living, which is doubtful, he may by application hear of something much to his advantage. If dead the undersigned would feel under a great obligation to any person that would give him information of that fact. Address, JAMES L. MORRIS, Administrator of MORD'L LEWIS, dec'd.
Morgantown, Pa., Feb. 1846. feb 21-3t*

T. K. ARNOLD'S GREEK AND LATIN BOOKS, for Schools and Colleges. Revised and carefully corrected by Rev J. A. Spencer, A. M.

This series of Classical Works has attained a circulation almost unparalleled, being introduced into nearly all the great Public Schools and leading Education Institutions in England. They are also very highly recommended by some of the best American Scholars for introduction into the Classical Schools of the United States.

Just published,—A First and Second LATIN BOOK AND PRACTICAL GRAMMAR, 1 neat vol. 12mo.

The chief object of this work, (which is founded on the principles of imitation and frequent repetition,) is to enable the pupil to do exercises from the first day of his beginning his accidence.

The first Latin Book can be had in a separate volume, for Junior Classes.

Nearly Ready—A Practical Introduction to Latin and Prose Composition. 1 vol 12mo.

This work is also founded on the principle of imitation and frequent repetition. It is at once Syntax, a Vocabulary, and an Exercise Book; and considerable attention has been paid to the subject of Synonymes.

GEORGE S. APPLETON,
Bookseller, Publisher and Importer,
1t No. 148 Chesnut street, below Seventh.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT JOSEPH DECOU, of the Township of Trenton, county of Mercer, and State of New Jersey, hath this day made an assignment to the subscriber of his estate for the equal benefit of his creditors, and that the said creditors must exhibit their respective claims under oath or affirmation within the term of six months.

JONATHAN STEWARD, Assignee.
Dated Trenton, Feb. 9th, 1846. feb 21-3t

MANUAL OF HEALTH AND COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.

THE CHEAPEST PERIODICAL IN THE world, being published at the astonishing low price of twelve cents a year.

This little sheet will be acceptable as
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
because its columns will contain a large share of miscellaneous and interesting matter. It will be valuable to the business man, because it will serve as a regular monthly
COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR;
and to the Invalid, the Manual of Health will be above all price, because it will contain copious hints as to the best means of preventing and
CURING EVERY FORM OF DISEASE
to which the human body is subject.

Published simultaneously in PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK and BOSTON, on the first Saturday of every month under sanction of the North American College of Health
BY WILLIAM WRIGHT.

Principal Office, 169 Race street, Philadelphia. Branch Offices, 288 Greenwich street, New York, and 198 Tremont street, Boston.

Terms: One Copy, twelve months, 12 Cents; Ten Copies for a Dollar, payable within the year to some authorized agent for *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*.

All communications to be directed to the "Manual of Health and Counterfeit Detector," free of postage.

N. B.—Copies of the MANUAL OF HEALTH will be delivered gratuitously to all who will take the trouble to call at either of the offices above named.

WILLIAM WRIGHT, 169 Race street.

Application for Agencies for WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, to be made at the Principal Office, 169 RACE ST., Philadelphia. jan 31-3m

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North SECOND street, corner of QUARRY, below Race.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, eighteen carat cases,	$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, seven jewels,	18 00
Superior Quartier Watches,	10 00
Gold Pencils,	2 00
Fine Silver Spectacles,	1 75

Gold Finger Rings, 37½ cents to $3, Watch Glasses, plain, 12½ cents, patent, 18¾, lunet 25; other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. feb 28 10m. O. CONRAD.

MASTER TAILORS, JOURNEYMEN AND APPRENTICES are informed that the Protractor System of Garment Cutting as arranged and taught by Samuel A. & Asahel F. Ward, has become the most popular of all Rules and Systems in use by the trade throughout the United States.

The PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS AND TAILORS' ARCHETYPES is published quarter yearly, for the use of Tailors, in which Diagrams, delineated by the above named System for Coats, Pants, Vests, &c., in the prevailing style forms the most valuable part of the work, handsomely executed Pictures accompanies the Spring and Fall Reports.

This work, with the necessary apparatus for drafting, can be sent by mail to any part of the United States, subject to magazine postage. The System is so plainly described in the Reports, that subscribers can learn it without oral tuition. If verbal instruction is desired, agents residing nearest to the applicant will be referred to by the publishers, S. A. & A. F. Ward, No. 62 Walnut St., corner of Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TERMS for subscription $5 per year, which may be remitted through the agency of the Post Master where the applicant resides. jan 31-3m

KID GLOVES CLEANED.—C. EYRE & Co., of New York, takes this method of informing the citizens of Philadelphia, that they have appointed several agents in this city to receive gloves of every color to be cleaned, and from their long experience in the art enables them to guarantee that they will be done in a very superior manner. The undersigned are their agents in Philadelphia.

T. Homer, Fancy Store, 180 Chesnut street.
Wm. Curry, N. E. corner of Bank and Chesnut s
C. Englehart, Chesnut above 10th, N. S.
Mr. Hoffman, No. 38 South 6th street.
G. Widner—12 South 2d street.
J. Lancaster, 204½ Chesnut street.
Mrs. Atkinson, 52 North 8th street. dec 6-3m*

DR. JACKSON'S PILE EMBROCATION.

HEMORRHOIDS, OR PILES, IS A DISEASE produced by local irritation, costiveness, purgative stimulants, undue determination of blood to the hemorrhoidal vessels by excessive riding or walking, or a congestive state of the liver, and often by a peculiarity of the constitution itself.

It is usually considered under three forms, or varieties as follows:—Blind Piles, White Piles, and Bleeding Piles.

This disease is so common and so very well known that a description of its symptoms is not considered necessary.

The success that has followed the use of the Embrocation in the cure of this disease, has been truly astonishing. Physicians now advise their patients to use it, as the only
PILE MEDICINE.

In addition to its being a positive remedy for the Piles it never fails to cure that INTOLERABLE ITCHING which is so very common, and has its location in the same parts as the Piles.

Read the following from the editorial columns of Alexander's Weekly Messenger.

FOUND AT LAST.—*A Sure Cure for the Piles!*—Physicians and chemists have long been anxious to discover a medicine that would cure one of the most troublesome diseases, the Piles. Success has at last been the result. *Dr. Jackson's Pile Embrocation* not only stops all bleeding, allays pain and inflammation, subdues that intolerable itching, but it effectually cures, like a charm, and in a very short time, persons whose lives have been rendered miserable for years.

Only a few from the great number of certificates will be published. Read the following:

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

PHILADELPHIA, March 13, 1845. Western Hotel.

DR. JACKSON—Sir:—I think there are few diseases which are more common and troublesome than the Piles, and during the last fifteen years I have suffered from them very much, causing pain, bleeding, and immoderate itching; I used all the various remedies, but without relief, until I got a bottle of your EMBROCATION, from Dr. Jayne, No. 8 South Third Street, which completely cured me in three weeks!!!

Yours, truly, S. H. PLIMPTON.

And the following from the editor of the Philadelphia Times.

"HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!!—JACKSON'S EMBROCATION never fails. It is the only medicine now sold for the cure of one of the most common and troublesome diseases.

"A friend who has been cured by it, asks us to speak warmly in praise of the efficacy of *Jackson's Pile Embrocation*. He describes it as being the very best remedy of the kind ever imagined by the enthusiast in pharmacy."

Mr. Ashford's letter must settle the question in the mind of every one.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!—Rarely a day passes that we do not get some testimony, either verbal or written, of the great efficacy of *Dr. Jackson's Pile Embrocation*.—Read the following:

NEW YORK, 721 Broadway, September 3d, 1843.

DR. N. JACKSON—Dear Sir:—Will you send me six bottles of your PILE EMBROCATION?—I wish them, part to keep myself, and part for a legal gentleman, a friend of mine, who has found great relief in using from my bottle two or three times. You remember, when in Philadelphia, I was suffering dreadfully from this terrible scourge. I only took one bottle from you; I have used it quite all and am now perfectly well. As you may suppose, I proclaim the virtues of your medicine wherever I go. I tell every friend about it; and it is singular to perceive how many are suffering in this way—I believe half of my acquaintances are more or less afflicted. Let me tell you that you can sell here, as fast as you choose to make. When you want a certificate from me you shall have it, and you are at liberty to show this letter if you wish. sep 30-eow tf

Respectfully yours, LEWIS P. ASHFORD.

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NEW PROSPECTUS, 1846.

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FORMERLY

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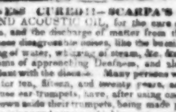

DEAFNESS CURED!!—SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

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"I hereby certify, that from the effects of a severe cold last winter, I became partially deaf, attended with very disagreeable noises, the ringing of bells, &c., which gradually increased, until I completely lost the hearing of one ear—when I was induced to use Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, and am now happy to say, that with the use of one bottle of the above medicine, I can hear as well as ever, and all disagreeable noises have entirely disappeared. Any further information respecting my case, will be gladly given, by calling on me at 46½ North Fifth street, near Race.

Philada., Nov 11, 1843." DANIEL GRAEFF.

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From the Albany Daily Knickerbocker.

West Troy, June 3, 1844.

This is to certify that I, Willard Jones, proprietor of the West Troy Exchange Hotel, having been afflicted with deafness in one ear for the last twenty years, and in the other for the last year, so that it was impossible for me to hear the loudest voice, and after trying various remedies without improving my hearing in the least, I was induced to try Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil for the cure of deafness, and it is with great gratification I am enabled to state that it has perfectly restored my hearing, and I will be happy to see any person who wishes for information in relation to my case, at my place, in West Troy.

(Signed) WILLARD JONES.

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S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,
Map Establishment, N. E. corner of Market and Seventh streets, Philada. jan 10 3m

Comic Poem.

MISS MARY.

Miss Mary is a charming maid,
A comely lass is she;
She every morning walks abroad,
At evening sips her tea—
She's fond of gadding in the street,
But loves to stay at home,
Her apron's pinned by her mamma—
Her ringlets by a comb.

She has a very pretty foot,
And sometimes wears prunella;
On sunny days she sports a shawl—
On rainy an umbrella.
Plain street's self personified—
She scorns to do a wrong;
She keeps her tongue between her teeth,
Where people's tongues belong.

The poor have always found her kind;
Her songs for others won;
On Sunday [illegible] she alone,
Unless she has a beau.
Each leisure moment she employs,
To cultivate her mind;
She ties her apron on before—
Her bustle on behind.

Whenever she a shopping went,
She paid for what she bought;
In sleep she always shuts her mouth,
As every body ought.
Small faults she has, and who has not?
She strives them to reform;
For when her toes are trampled on—
She says "get off my corn!"

Accomplishments like these would make
A match for Count or Earl;
And all the neighbors say she is
A pattern of a girl.

From the Magazines.

FROM ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE, FOR MARCH.

THE YOUNG MINISTER.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

"Our May," as every body called May Loomis was the merriest, blithesomest, busiest little creature that ever you saw—a perfect honey-gatherer without the sting—an April smile, with a cousin's face for the contrasting cloud. It seemed impossible to bring a shade of seriousness over that joyous face; for, although I have seen tears starting from her eyes, they were always checked by a smile, or, if suffered to fall upon her face, they were lost in a profusion of roguish dimples.

Our May had a cousin, the cloud above mentioned, who rejoiced in the same appellation; but although every body said that Miss May Loomis was a very excellent young lady, no one ever thought of placing the possessive before her name; indeed, I do not think Miss May would have liked such a partnership concern, for she had a high opinion of her own dignity, and she thought it must be very painful to any lady of delicacy to be hailed by all she met as though under their especial protection. The good-natured laugh of the old farmers shocked her delicate nerves, and the cordial grasp of their horny hands was quite too much for lady endurance. Miss May was very often annoyed when walking with her cousin, by the exclamation "There goes our May!" from the lips of some poor washerwoman, or errand-boy; and then to see them fly across the street, as though on terms of the greatest intimacy! Why, it was preposterous. So presuming! But Miss May was still more annoyed at the excessive vulgarity of her thoughtless little cousin, who would often stop in the street to inquire after the health and prosperity of the offenders, and send some little message to the children at home. On such occasions the cloud usually drew herself up to her utmost height, and, to avoid the disgrace of such improper conduct, walked home alone, in the most dignified manner. But then Miss May's walk was always dignified, if walking by rule and compass constitutes dignity, and she was never known to do an improper thing in her life. She always carried her hands in one particular position except when, for the sake of variety, she changed them to one other particular position; and her pocket-handkerchief, which she held between the thumb and finger of the left hand, was allowed to spread itself over the three remaining fingers in a very becoming manner. Her neck-riband was always crossed upon her bosom, the two ends of precisely the same length; and her collar never had in it a wrinkle. There were two or three plaits in the waist of her dress, because somebody, that she considered indisputable authority, had said that plaits were graceful; but she carefully eschewed all extravagance, in the quantity, if not the quality, of the cloth she honored by wearing. Her hair (this was the climax of the young lady's nicety,) was so carefully brushed and pomatumed, that it seemed one glossy convex surface, surmounted by a braid o'—no one could have imagined what, but for the pale blue riband that relieved the brown, and gave the curious examiner the idea that it might be of the same material as the head covering.

Miss May's nicety extended to everything about her. Her house-plants were prim and perpendicular, trimmed of every redundant leaf; and she was often heard to lament an opening blossom, because it would produce irregularity, by throwing the balance of ornament on one side the plant. The cloud was fond of exercising her skill in trimming trees in the shape of cones and other figures, while her cousin fostered luxuriance in their growth, and would rather hang on them a wider wreath, or twist a limb awry, than to see the ornaments of her uncle's garden standing out stark and stiff, like the spokes of a wagon-wheel. Yet the cousins never clashed, for the regularity of Miss May extended to her disposition and heart, and, having her own excellent rule of rectitude, she would as soon have been caught laughing aloud, or romping in the court-yard, or wearing a rumpled dress, as swerving from it in the slightest degree. On the other hand our May was too careless and too light-hearted to be annoyed by her nice cousin's trifling peculiarities; and she never opposed her tastes, nor interrupted her in any thing except a lecture on propriety. Miss May never spoke but in the gentlest voice and the most unexceptionable words; but then she often felt it to be her duty to admonish her wild cousin of the folly of her doings, which admonitions our active little Hebe found peculiarly tiresome. She, however, soon invented a way of warding off these avalanches of good advice, quite worthy of her wit. When Miss May would enter the parlor with a grave look of reproof, and commence with the ominous words, "My dear cousin, I feel it my duty to expostulate—" the offender would interrupt her.

"Oh, dear coz, wait a minute. May, deary, I have something to tell you. Mr. Melroy——"

This sentence was sometimes finished in one way and sometimes in another; but Mr. Melroy was the magic word, and, after making her fair monitress blush crimson, the little tormentor would glide out of the room, and express her self gratulation by a laugh as long and loud as it was musical.

Mr. Melroy was our village clergyman; a young bachelor of twenty-eight, and a general favorite with all classes of men. He was friendly and courteous with all, for he looked upon the whole human family as his kindred; and his heart never refused to the meanest beggar the appellation, *brother*. His voice was full and melodious, but somewhat solemn; his countenance exhibited a dash of melancholy, though so modified by christian benevolence as to be peculiarly interesting; and his manner was correct and gentlemanly. The two cousins were members of Mr. Melroy's church; and their uncle, Squire Loomis, was his personal friend; so it is not at all to be wondered at that he became their frequent visitor. Neither is it a matter of wonder that our volatile May, contrasted as she was with her grave companion, should almost escape the young pastor's notice. Our May saw that Mr. Melroy's attention was all directed to the cloud; but she was not sorry, for it gave her an opportunity to watch his fine eyes, as they lighted up with the enthusiasm of his subject, and to catch the variety of expression which genius can throw upon the most serious face. Our May liked merriment but she liked Mr. Melroy's conversation better, and she never ventured to breathe a word until she was sure he had quite finished. Then she would make some remark, so comical, that Mr. Melroy would be obliged to waste a smile upon her in spite of himself; and Miss May would quite forget the half hour's profitable conversation in planning a reproof. Sometimes Mr. Melroy would walk with the young ladies, or rather with the cloud, for our May was constantly bounding from the path, to pluck a flower or chase a butterfly; and yet, she somehow never lost the young clergyman's profitable conversation, for when they were again alone, she would tease her sedate cousin by distorting his beautiful sentiments, and sadly misapplying his comparisons.

Both of the cousins had a class in the village Sabbath-school, and Miss May was the secretary of two or three benevolent societies, of which our May was only a quiet unobtrusive member. Some people wondered that the [illegible] pastor [illegible] Miss May Loomis [illegible] charity, [illegible] away from the [illegible] interested young clergyman said nothing. Since old Mr. Thompson left, Miss May used to tell the delinquents that she knew Mr. Thompson disapproved of such conduct; but she dared not mention Mr. Melroy's name, as it was a signal which our May failed not to answer with an exceedingly gay volley. The truth was, everybody said that Mr. Melroy did not call so often at 'Squire Loomis's for nothing; and as Miss May was very far from being nothing, she was very naturally concluded to be the something which so attracted. When anybody asked home-questions about this matter, our May laughed, and looked very knowing, while her cousin blushed, and looked very dignified. Thus matters went on for a long time, and thus they might have gone on, in spite of several old ladies, who endeavored to introduce variety by prophecying it, but for an occurrence in which our May most sadly overstepped the bounds of propriety.

It was on a fine afternoon, in the beginning of August, that the young pastor was seen leading the fair cousins beyond the little clump of houses which we dignified by the title of village. Miss May's step was as precise as ever; but our bright lady of the possessive pronoun, walked now as though she thought she could guide herself, and was seeking an opportunity to drop the gentleman's arm. Their walk was, as usual, delightful to all; for Miss May was treated with the most scrupulous attention—Mr. Melroy found the air refreshing and the scenery beautiful, to say nothing of the valued society of the cloud, and *our* May was always pleased. On this day she was even more frolicsome than usual; and having, accidentally, broken a wreath of frail, beautiful wild flowers, which she had been wreathing, Mr. Melroy so far unbent himself as to say he wished she had never linked a more enduring chain.

"What can he mean?" thought laughing May; but at that moment her attention was arrested by a field of haymakers, among whom she recognized familiar faces. The recognition was mutual, for instantly a young man called out, "There's our May!" and the giddy girl, turning about with an arch smile, and shaking her fingers at her companions, sprang lightly over the fence, and was soon in the midst of the haymakers. The young man, who at first recognized her, seized one of her hands, while a woman in a blue frock and calico bonnet appropriated the other, and the whole party, men, women and children, gathered around the pretty hoyden, with a familiarity which, to Miss May, was perfectly astounding. Our May stood but a moment in the centre of the group, when a dozen voices, pitched on every imaginable key, roared forth a boisterous laugh, not, however, quite drowning her own clear-ringing tones; and then, with a sort of mock curtsey, she was bounding away, when the young man again stopped her. Our May paused a moment, as though undecided, while the young man stood before her, and by his earnest gestures, seemed urging some affair of importance. Then a little girl was seen to leave the circle, and run until she came within hearing of the waiting couple, when she called out:

"Our May—Miss Loomis, I mean—says if you will excuse her, she will walk home alone, as she isn't quite ready now."

Mr. Melroy looked at Miss May, and Miss May looked at Mr. Melroy, and then both looked at the offending cousin. She had gone a little aside from the haymakers, and was talking with the young man, and, from their manner, it was evident that the conversation was intended for no other ear.

"We ought not to leave her," said Mr. Melroy.

"We ought to leave her," said Miss May, in a decided tone, and the gentleman complied.

It would be labor lost to follow home the astounded couple, as, for some reason or other, neither spoke until they entered Mr. Loomis's parlor, nor even then, for Miss May betook herself to her embroidery, and Mr. Melroy to the newspaper.

If our sober readers have not already shut the book, we would like to have them follow our May, our darling, gay, frolicsome, generous-hearted May, and learn the whole truth before they condemn her.

Joshua Miller, the owner of the hay-field, was a plain old farmer, that our May had often seen in her uncle's *store*, and for whom, indeed, 'Squire Loomis entertained a very great respect. In leaving the store one day, he accidentally dropped his staff, and our May, with the lightness of a sylph, sprang before him, picked it up, and respectfully, yet with one of her most sparkling glances and winning smiles, placed it in the old man's hand. Nothing can be more flattering to age than unexpected attention paid them by the young and happy, and father Miller never forgot the pretty, bright eyed girl, who "did not laugh at him because he was lame." When he came to the store afterwards, he always brought some fragrant, delicious offering from the garden or the fields—fruits of his own gathering,—and finally our May found it very pleasant to extend her walks to father Miller's farm-house, drink of the new milk, admire the cheese, talk of economy with the old man's children, and engage in a frolic with his grandchildren. Her condescension pleased the good people, while her mingled mirthfulness, sweetness, and good sense charmed them.

These were the haymakers she had seemed so happy to meet; and the young man who had urged her stay was Mr. Day, father Miller's son-in-law. But this was not an invitation to the farm-house. A family of Irish laborers had, within a few days, begged to be admitted into an old log building that stood on father Miller's farm, and the good old man, thinking that he might assist them by giving them employment, had readily consented. But the O'Neils had travelled a long, weary way, and been obliged sometimes to sleep upon the damp ground, so that they were scarcely settled before the mother and two of the children were seized with a violent fever. Mr. Day was anxious that our May should just look in upon the sufferers and she, with that excessive sensitiveness which often accompanies true benevolence, chose rather to incur censure for foolish waywardness than to explain her conduct. It is often found that those who seem to possess the lightest and gayest hearts, have the warmest love nestling down among the flowers. These beautiful characters pass through the world unostentatiously, seldom recognized but by the eye of omniscience, loved by God, loved by the angels, and sometimes making themselves dear to some holy-hearted saint, near enough to heaven to see clearly the internal loveliness of the spirit.

Our May had still another motive for silence. She knew that if her cousin became aware of the situation of the family, she would call a meeting of the society and the subject would be debated till assistance would come too late; and she thought that advice and sympathy, with the products of father Miller's farm, and the physician whom the contents of her own purse might place at her command, would be quite as useful to the O'Neils as the Society's money. And then another *feeling* (it could scarce be called a motive) influenced our May, when she so unceremoniously sent home her companions wondering at her eccentricity. Mr. Melroy had always seemed to consider her a thoughtless, giddy child, and when any benevolent plan was broached, he invariably turned to her cousin, as though he never dreamed of consulting her, or supposed it possible that she could be interested; and she felt a kind of pleasure in concealing from him that "lower depth," where dwelt the sacred qualities which, too often, but bubble on the surface. In saying that our May was influenced by these considerations, I do not mean to say that she thought them over, or that she would have been able to present them intelligibly; she acted from a momentary impulse, but the impelling principle was unconsciously made up of these motives.

"No," thought the sunny-hearted May, as she went tripping lightly homeward, after seeing the O'Neil's comparatively comfortable, "No; however lightly he may esteem me, he shall never think that I parade my goodness before his eyes for the sake of attracting his admiration." Then our pretty May began to wonder what the sober Mr. Melroy meant about her "linking a stronger chain," and she wondered on so absorbingly that she insensibly slackened her pace, and almost forgot to enter when she reached her uncle's door.

The young clergyman was still in the parlor, and although Miss May commenced the usual, "my dear cousin, I feel it my duty to expostulate—" and although the expostulation was no pleasanter than ever to our May, she did not avail herself of the usual "Mr. Melroy—" but sat dumb, with a roguishly demure expression, unpenetrable by anything but the sometimes exceedingly wise eye of a mischievous kitten.

"I think," said Mr. Melroy, endeavoring to smile, [illegible] after Miss May had [illegible] appealed to [illegible] must be allowed to be the exclusive judge of [illegible] own actions, [illegible]

"Light minds are guided by impulse," pursued Miss May. Mr. Melroy [illegible] and evidently [illegible] made no reply.

"Impulse," observed Miss May, with a wonderously wise look, "is a very dangerous guide—do not you think so, Mr. Melroy?"

"The impulse of a bad heart."

"All hearts are depraved," continued Miss May, meekly folding her white hands, and turning her eyes to the carpet.

The young clergyman nodded assent; but it was evident that his thoughts were elsewhere.

"If Cousin May could but be a little more sober-minded!" pursued the cloud, after a proper pause.

Mr. Melroy glanced at the blushing, half-pouting May, and appeared disconcerted.

"I know she means no harm—she is so thoughtless—but don't you really think her exceedingly indiscreet, Mr. Melroy?"

"Excuse me, Miss Loomis," said the young clergyman, with a manner of excessive embarrassment. "I—I have no right to question the young lady's discretion; and if I attempted an opinion I might speak too unguardedly."

"So then you are obliged to put a guard upon your tongue, lest I should learn that you consider me a giddy, thoughtless, imprudent, heartless girl," said our May, with hasty earnestness; "but it is unnecessary, Mr. Melroy; I knew your opinion of me long ago."

"Then you knew—" began the young pastor, and he looked still more confused.

"Then why not improve?" asked Miss May, in her very kindest tone.

"Because," answered May, the incorrigible, half-recovering her gayety, "because my most excellent cousin has goodness and discretion enough for both of us; or," she added, glancing upward, with a sweetly sobered expression of countenance, "because my Father gave me a happy heart and too many causes for gratitude to admit of its learning the lesson of sadness."

Mr. Melroy was about to answer, but he was interrupted, by a knock at the door; and our village physician entered in great haste.

"I come," said he to our May, "from O'Neils—the poor woman's worse, and I am afraid she will not hold out much longer. I advised them to send for a clergyman; but she says no one can pray for her like the sweet young lady who visited her to-night. So, my dear, if you will just jump into my carriage, your face will do more good than my medicine."

Our May snatched her bonnet, without speaking a word, or glancing at the astonished faces beside her; and she was half-way to O'Neils, before she knew that Mr. Melroy was by her side, and still held the hand by which he had assisted her into the carriage. For some reason, though a tremor crept from the heart into that pretty prisoned hand, our May did not think proper to withdraw it; and soon all selfish thoughts were dissipated by the scene of misery upon which they entered. Mrs. O'Neil was already dead; and the Millers, in whose hands the kind-hearted physician had left her, were endeavoring to silence the clamors of the children, and striving all they could to comfort O'Neil, who, with the true Irish eloquence, was pouring out his lamentations over the corpse of his wife.

"An' there's the swate leddy who spake the kind word to me," said one of the noisy group, springing towards our May, "my mither said she was heaven's own angel, sure."

"Well, come to me," said our May, "and I will speak to you some more kind words—poor things! you need them, sorely."

The children gathered around the fair young girl, noisily at first; but, as she gradually gained their attention, their clamors ceased; and she at last made them consent to accompany father Miller to the farmhouse, where it was thought best for them to remain until after the funeral of their poor mother.

"And you will be very good and quiet," said our May, as the noisy troop were preparing to leave the hut.

"Sure an' we will," answered a bright boy, "if it be only for the sake of ye'r own beautiful face, Miss."

Mr. Melroy had succeeded in administering comfort to O'Neil, who at last consented to lie down and rest; and our May bent like the ministering angel that she was over the sick couch of the two children, smoothing their pillows and bathing their temples.

"This is a wretched family," observed Mr. Melroy, turning to Mr. Day.

"Ay, but it would have been more wretched still, if it had'nt been for our May. She came as willingly as the like of her would walk into her uncle's parlor, the minute I made her know how much she was needed; and all these little comforts are of her ordering. She sent too for Dr. Houghton, and left her purse with me to pay him; but Dr. Houghton says he can't take money from such an angel."

"Is she always so?" asked Melroy, in a low tone.

"Always so! bless your heart, don't you know she's always so, and you the minister! Why she is doing good all the time, she's kind to every body, and no one can help loving her."

"No one can help it," answered Melroy, involuntarily, and glancing at our May, who was supporting the head of the little sufferer on her hand, while she was directing Mrs. Day how to prepare the medicine.

After the sick children had been cared for, and it was ascertained that Mr. and Mrs. Day, with one of her sisters, would remain at O'Neil's during the night, Dr. Houghton, with Mr. Melroy and our May, took leave. The drive home was performed in silence; and young parson Melroy, after conducting our May to her uncle's door, pressed her hand with a whispered, "God bless you!" and turned away.

In less than a twelve month from the death of poor Mrs. O'Neil very ominous preparations were going forward in the family mansion of 'Squire Loomis. They were ended at last by the introduction of our May to the pretty parsonage; and, although she still laughs very merrily, and sometimes overturns whole passages of her husband's eloquence by a single stroke of humor, although she still prefers doing good privately, and does not attend every meeting of the society, where her happy face appears, her husband's is far from being the only heart or the only tongue to pronounce the "God bless you!"

Our Scrap Book.

BABY TALK.

The editor of the New York Gazette says he lately heard a young and happy mother sing to her darling pet much after the following manner:

Where is the baby? Bess its heart—
Where is mammer's darling boy?
Does it hold its itsle hands apart,
The dearest, bessest toy?
And so it does; and will its itsle chin
Grow just as fat as butter?
And will it poke its little fingers in
Its tunnie little mouth, and mutter
Wissy wissy words,
Just like itsle yallar birds?
And so it will; and so it may,
No matter what its pappy, mammy say.
And does it wish its itsle eyeses,
When its mad and ups and crieses?
And does it squall like chick-a-dees
At every thing it sees?
Well it does? Why not, I pray?
Aint it mammer's darlin evry day?
Oh! what's the matter! oh my! oh my!
What makes my sweetest chicken hy?
Oh nasty, ugly pin, to prick it;
Its darlin mammer's darlin cricket!
There! there! she's thrown it o
The fire; the bad, wicked pin!
There! hush my honey; go to sleep,
Hushed in a hushe of a deep!

A COUNTRY EDITOR IN TOWN.—The editor of a paper published at Woburn, an interior town in Massachusetts, recently "came down" to Boston, and while there saw the opera of the "Bohemian Girl" given at one of the theatres. On his return he unburthened himself of the emotions the piece excited in his bosom in the following strain:

"It contains a lively plot, and is interspersed with delicious music. Beautiful scenery also plays its gorgeousness among the soft and wavy windings of harmony, and sends a very pleasant ray of enjoyability among the parlor feelings."

After this, city folk should hang up their fiddles at once. The Boston Post thinks the Woburn man deserves to be handed down, and we do what little we can in furth-rance of the object. Such transcendentalists are rare, and deserve to be known.

"PUT ME OUT!"—The guardians of the night [illegible] they found a lusty fellow sitting upon the curb with his feet in the gutter and leaning against the iron post of one of the gas-lamps. It was poor Tim Lightbody, [illegible] overtaken him to the gutter. His brain was on fire and his vitals burning up with [illegible]. And here, as he leaned back against the post, so that the full glare of the brilliant gaslight shone into his wild and bloodshot eyes, the imp of the Distillery whispered in his ear that his head was on fire! And poor Tim was in a condition to listen to the gibbering, chattering sprite, and as it disappeared down the neck of a bottle, he lifted up his voice and cried lustily:

"Put me out! Put me out! *Fire!* Spontaneous combustion has, has, took place! I'm in a light blaze, sir! Away, away! ye wiry goblins! I know ye all! Ye are matches; Lucifer matches! Ye set me in a blaze! Put me out! Water! Water! How is my, my, ears, if they ain't burnt out! How down my throat—quick! its red-hot! Oh! somebody put me out!...Put me out!"

And the Charlies took him in charge, and put him in the watch-house, where he raved till morning, and then, very early in the day, died. Poor fellow! He was "put out," most effectually, and by an agent that has prematurely snuffed out the light of life many millions of times, and filled numberless graves with nameless, loathsome, unwept mortals. These are thy doings, all-destroying Alcohol!

RECOGNITION.—"How d'ye do, Mr. Jones—how d'ye do?" said a young swell yesterday, with more head than brains, to an old glossy-face gentleman, who stood behind a pair of gold mounted specs, and whose locomotion was assisted by a gold headed bamboo cane.

"Excuse me, my good sir—excuse me," said the old man in a falsetto voice—"but you have the advantage of me."

"My name is Kid, sir—Kid," said whiskerando—"you remember Thomas Kid—Tommy, you used to call him—don't you?"

"Bless my soul, yes and so I do," said the old man—"I remember little Tommy Kid, sure enough; and how do you do now, Mr. *Goat?*"

"Kid, sir, Kid, not Goat," said Thomas, peevishly.

"Ah, true, you were a kid then, Tommy," said the old gentleman, "but I perceive by the quantity of hair on your chin, that you have since become a *goat!*"

Tommy stroked his beard with his fingers, and went off without bidding Mr. Jones "good bye."

THE WASTE IN WAR.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land on the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire that Kings and Queens might be proud of. I will build a school-house on every hill-side and every valley over the earth. I will supply that school-house with a competent teacher. I will build an academy in every town, and endow it—a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church, consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace. I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness; so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill shall answer to the chime on another, around the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise shall ascend as one universal offering to Heaven.

Agricultural.

REPORT ON FARMS.

It is plain matter of fact statements like the following, that are valuable to the practical man on his farm. The farmer manages, perhaps, as well as he knows how to do, and yet finds that his success is not such as it ought to be with his means; he looks around him inquiringly of his neighbors, and observes closely how they operate who are apparently more successful than himself; and, of course, if he be intelligent and shrewd, forthwith adapts his course more in accordance with theirs. The man who is indifferent to the lessons taught him by his more enterprising neighbors, will probably improve neither his farm nor his fortune, while he who is constantly on the look-out will do both.—ED.

To the Committee on Farms.

GENTLEMEN,—Before the first of July, I had no intention of inviting you to visit my farm, but then learning that there had been no entry which would secure a report from you, I was unwilling that the Society should lose the benefit of a report, for I think that farmers derive their best hints from the observations and experience of practical farmers embodied in such reports.

I am far from thinking my management the best, or among the best, but as it fully answered my reasonable expectations, I will as briefly as possible state it.

My farm has a great variety of soil, but the cultivated lands are mostly a gravelly loam. I have about fifty acres in mowing, tillage and orchard; twenty-five acres of meadow, one-fourth of which is peat; seventy-five acres in pasture, and several tracts of woodland. I formerly planted from seven to ten acres each year, but I have found it more profitable to raise hay than corn or potatoes; this last June, from thirty cwt. hay delivered in the barn, I received in my grain bins forty bushels of yellow flat corn; hay cost me in labor, and all fair charges, twelve dollars; to raise the corn would have cost me twenty-five dollars at least.

By recurring to my journal, (for I have long kept a sort of diary in which I have noted the employments of each day, the time of planting, hoeing, harvesting, the amount of crops, the cost of animals, current receipts and expenditures, &c.,) I find that since the first of April, I have expended for labor two hundred and five dollars, and one-third of this has been in making walls, ditches and permanent improvements. I have kept two pairs of oxen, one horse and ten cows: one pair of oxen, which two years ago cost me fifty dollars, I have sold to the butchers for one hundred and five dollars; four cows, which cost forty-three, I have sold for seventy-eight dollars, and I have received in exchange of cows thirty dollars. I have kept no account of the milk and butter used and sold, which has been less than the usual quantity. I have four fat swine worth seventy-five dollars, which one year ago cost six dollars; their manure has paid for all the grain they have consumed. I have raised one hundred and fifty-eight bushels of corn, ninety-five bushels of oats, thirty bushels of rye, and one hundred and twenty bushels of potatoes; of carrots, turnips and beets, about two hundred and fifty bushels, and of other vegetables and fruits an abundance. Some years I have had three or four hundred bushels of good apples, this year not more than thirty. I have cut thirty-one tons of English hay, which was made and secured with fifty-five days' labor. I used a horse-rake, which paid for itself in one week; my crop was diminished by the drought from one-fourth to one-third. My meadow hay was a fine crop, and got in good order. I have sold twelve loads of meadow hay and straw, and have by estimation fodder enough, corn fodder included, to keep my stock, and some twelve or fifteen tons to spare. I have carried to market twelve cords of wood, always taking a return load of manure. I purchase commonly about forty-five dollars worth of manure, which I never use without composting. I have used for planting, sowing and top-dressing, two hundred and eighty loads of compost.

In the barn yard and pig-pens I make about one hundred and ten loads, and at leisure times get out peat muck, and cart it into the field where it is to be used. I then mix one cord stable or barn-yard dung, preferring the stable, with four cords of muck; after lying till the heap heats, it is again thrown over, and a few feet of fresh dung or spent ashes added, if necessary. I have found this compost better than clear manure, and equal to anything except pig manure for corn and potatoes on sandy loams. I have now on hand more than one hundred loads of this compost, besides a good supply of the barn and pig yards, and I could not farm without it. With this kind of manure I this year had sixty bushels of corn to the acre, without any extra labour or care—one-fourth of an acre produced at the rate of seventy bushels, and I raised fifty-five bushels of oats on one acre; no great yields certainly; but the expense of cultivation, too, was moderate. All the land on which I have this year raised potatoes, corn and oats, has been since ploughed, manured, and laid down with rye and grass seed, with the exception of one acre of meadow, which in April I sowed with oats and grass seed after spreading three hundred lbs. of guano; the oat straw was very rank, and the grass has started handsomely. I have tried guano, salt, saltpetre and ashes this season; but I forbear to speak further of results, because you, gentlemen, have seen them, and will determine for yourselves.

My corn land I usually plant but one year; it is always ploughed in the fall, because the turf is in better condition for work, more vegetable matter is ploughed under, and the soil sooner becomes mellow. I have practised ploughing in August or September for rye; laid the furrow flat, rolled it, spread on from twenty-five to thirty loads of compost (thirty bushels to the load,) harrowed well, then sowed one peck of herds grass and one bushel of red-top, brushed it, and then laid all smooth with a loaded roller. My rye, and grass have always done well; the straw selling from seven dollars to ten dollars per acre, and the grain bringing ten per cent. more than the northern. Directly after taking off a crop of hay, early in July, I have inverted the sod, rolled, harrowed in a good deal of compost, sowed one peck of millet to the acre, brushed, then sown grass seed, clover, herds grass, red top, and brushed and rolled smooth. I have never failed of getting a ton of millet fodder to the acre, and when the frost has delayed for about seventy days from the time of sowing, thirty or forty bushels of millet seed to the acre, and the next year and the several years a good crop of hay. But it is not prudent to sow millet after the tenth of July, on account of the frost; it should not be sown before the middle of May; best sown in June. In August I ploughed two acres of land, which was this year mowed; rolled it flat; spread sixty loads of compost, harrowed it well, sowed one-half bushel herds grass, and two bushels red top, then brushed and rolled it smooth: this process has always succeeded with me.

In planting my corn the present season, instead of cross furrowing, I ran the plough but one way, and not so deep as to disturb the sod, nearly filled the furrows, which were four feet distant in part of the field, with my common compost, in part with pig manure, then dropped the kernels in the furrows, six inches apart, and covered, leaving the surface of the ground even; in May went between the rows with the cultivator and hoe, and again the last of June, but making no hill; and this, with the exception of pulling by hand a few weeds, was all the culture. The crop, as you witnessed, was clean and heavy.

In October, 1843, I ploughed three acres of field land, which had been in grass five years, and rolled it. In May following, harrowed it and spread seventy loads of compost, which was well harrowed, then marked the hills four feet apart each way, dropped the corn and covered; in June went through with the cultivator and hoe, and late in July sowed grass seed among the standing corn, went through with the cultivator and hoe, making no hills; in October, the corn was cut up close, and the ground rolled with a loaded roller. On one acre I had one hundred and two baskets of good corn, and the crops of grass have been fair. I have since followed this plan with better success, when I have used more and better compost.

I have this year let five acres of meadow and three pasture lots. I have top-dressed my reclaimed meadows with a compost of loam and warm manure, and have further extended my experiments in reclaiming meadows. I have attempted some improvements on bushy and mossy pastures, which now promise well; on these I have sown winter and multicole rye, with some spurry and common grass seed.

If I have raised no large crops, the expense and labor have been moderate; and I have the satisfaction of thinking that my farm is in an improving condition.

DANIEL P. KING.

Danvers, Nov. 4th, 1845.

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

SOWING ON LOW GROUND IN THE SPRING.

MR. EDITOR,—I have a piece of wet upland which has produced an indifferent crop of meadow, with a mixture of other grasses, and which I have ditched and drained during the last season. The contents of the ditch consisting of loam, sand and clay, I have spread upon the land, thereby forming a pretty good coat on the surface, but not completely covering it. I wish to get it into English grass as quickly and as cheaply as possible. Would it be advisable to sow herds grass and clover this spring, and bury it as far as may be within the brush harrow?

Will you favor me with your opinion of the comparative value of the white and yellow carrot as a crop and for food for cattle? I have not cultivated the carrot at all, but I think of doing it the present year: any suggestions which you may offer on the culture of the carrot will be thankfully received by

A YOUNG FARMER AND CONSTANT READER.

Marlboro', Feb. 2d, 1846.

You should have spread the contents of your ditch last August or September, and should have sown your grass seed then! Or you should have let the mud lie till another year on the bank, in the heap, till next August; then you could spread it and cover up all the wild grass, either with your ditch mud or with other earth.

The spring season is not the time for sowing such land. You have now partially buried the wild grass, &c., and you have spread on just matter enough from your ditch to make the wild stuff grow vigorously. It will be in the way of your grasses; and if you apply manure, you will help the grass that you wish to kill as much as you will the kinds that you would propagate.

It is the half doing and half way system that brings into disrepute all attempts to renovate these low lands. By half draining we spoil the land for the natural grasses, and we fail to fit it for cultivated kinds. We should let the wild grasses grow, or we should bury them completely, and sow better in their place.

If you can plough the land let it lie till August, and then turn it flat and sow your seed with a dressing of compost manure. If any weeds then appear, November will kill them, and your grass will live, protected by your compost manure. You can now sow on a little seed and brush it in when the snow is off if you think that necessary. It will cost you but little, and if it grows well you will have the more to bury up with your plough.

As to the comparative values of the yellow and the white carrot we are uncertain. Many think the white is as good as the yellow, and that a greater quantity may be raised to the acre. Others think differently and contend that the yellow kind is richest. We must have more trials to determine the matter. Farmers are now raising more carrots than formerly. Potatoes have failed them, and they are disposed to substitute other roots for stock.

[Editor.

Juvenile Department

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 13, 14, 17, 15, is generally on the head.
My 8, 9, 10, is a domestic fowl.
My 4, 5, 19, 20, is a ferocious beast.
My 1, 17, 4, 3, is what governs all
My 9, 6, 16, 3, is part of royalty.
My 3, 6, 1, is what we should always shun.
My 9, 10, 9, 7, 12, we should never have.
My 4, 12, 11, 9, is an instrument of music.
My 1, 16, 9, 20, is a small bird.
My 7, 2, 4, 3, is an important structure.
My 3, 5, 14, 11, should be despised.
My 13, 19, 10, 9, 12, is what some esteem a luxury.
My 17, 4, 3, is what we all dislike to be.
My 19, 19, 18, is a male child.
My 15, 17, 4, 3, 18, are common in the fields.
My 7, 14, 18, 19, 20, are generally in great demand.
My 15, 14, 2, 4, is used for fences.
My 7, 6, 17, 3, is one of Uncle Sam's agents.
My whole is the name of a distinguished General.

☞ Answer next week.

Jordan, Onondaga Co., N. Y. J. O. McCLURE.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 4, 1, 6, is a city in Austria.
My 2, 5, 11, is a county in Virginia.
My 3, 5, 1, 12, is a cape on the coast of North Carolina
My 4, 8, 9, 10, 2, 5, 13, 6, is a town in North Carolina.
My 5, 2, 10, is a river in Tennessee.
My 6, 6, 8, 2, 13, is a county in Georgia.
My 7, 1, 9, 9, 1, is a city in Hindostan.
My 8, 10, 10, 1, 10, is a town in British America.
My 9, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11, 7, is one of the West India Islands.
My 10, 1, 4, 1, 10, is an island in the Persian Gulf.
My 11, 5, 2, is a river in Indiana.
My 12, 8, 9, 10, 13, is a range of mountains in North America.
My 13, 8, 12, 10, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My whole is the name of a member of the twenty-ninth Congress from one of the Southern States.

☞ Answer next week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.

UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS.

Solution—Ucas, Nit, Indian, Thames, Esther, Drum, Arm, Maine, Erie, Rent, Inn, Crane, Ant, Name, Meet, Easter, Cane, Hand, Andes, Nest, India, Cent, Sand. T. L. S.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Curious Facts.

HOW WE SEE WORLD.—The disappearance of a star from the Planetary World is [illegible] to awaken deep and solemn reflection in the human mind. They indicate that the period is coming when this earth also will disappear, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll, and the grand consummation of the end of the world will come to pass.

During the last two or three centuries, upwards of thirteen fixed stars have disappeared. One of them, situated in the northern hemisphere, presented a peculiar brilliancy, and was so bright as to be seen by the naked eye at mid-day. It seemed to be on fire, appearing at first of a dazzling white, then of a reddish yellow, and lastly of an ashy pale color. La Place supposes that it was burned up, as it has never been seen since. The conflagration was visible about sixteen months. How dreadful! a whole system on fire, the great central luminary and its planets, with their plains, mountains, forests, villages, cities, and inhabitants, all in flames, consumed! And here we have a presumptive proof of the truth, and a solemn illustration of a singular passage in the Bible—"The heavens will pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the world also and the works that are therein, shall be burned up."

☞ In 1773, at Ipswich, Mass., beans were ordered to be used in voting, the white denoting yes, the black nay. From this originated the old phrase—"you don't know beans," as no one was allowed to vote who did not know a white bean from a black one.

☞ It has been ascertained that 336 common bees weigh an ounce, and about 5,000 to a pound. Yet this number is capable of conveying more than two pounds of honey at one load.

The Family.

TO RAISE GOOSEBERRIES.—First select a soil, neither stiff clay nor loose sand, but of good, rich, deep mould, in a position where mid-day sun will never reach. Plant your bushes three feet apart, train them into heads at least two feet from the ground, let the heads be formed nearly round and open. After the head is once formed, attend to the bush, from the time the blossom shows itself until the fruit is ripe, and whenever a branch is pushing forward to shade wood, nip the end with the fingers, thus throwing all the juices into the formation of the fruit, beside keeping the bush more open to the air; with the hoe, dig well among their roots, being careful not to break them, but yet to keep the earth loose and moist. As often as once a week, from the time the fruit sets until ripe, water with liquid manure upon the soil, and use the hoe directly after it. In pruning, let it be borne in mind that the Gooseberry produces fruit on the wood not only of the preceding summer's growth, but also on spurs from old wood. Should any appearance of mildew become visible, sprinkle the bushes with weak lime water, and scatter lime and sulphur underneath upon the ground.—*Western Reserve Magazine.*

PEAS AND BEANS.—Most people are fond of these vegetables, and would doubtless be pleased to have them on the table, occasionally, the whole year round. They are not, however, aware that this is practicable; yet it is a well known fact that they may be preserved through the winter as sweet and succulent as when picked from the vines. This is accomplished by plucking them when green, and putting them in vessels filled with a weak solution of sugar, and boiling moderately for ten or twelve minutes, and removing them to an oven moderately warm, where they should remain till perfectly dry. They are then to be bottled and corked tight. In this way they may be preserved for any length of time, and served up as fresh and sweet in mid-winter, or early spring, as when first taken from the vines.

TO KNOW GOOD FLOUR.—When flour is genuine, or of the best kind, it holds together in a mass when squeezed by the hand, and bears the impression of the fingers, and even the marks of the skin, much longer than when it is bad or adulterated; and the dough made with it is very gluey, ductile, and elastic; easy to be kneaded, and which may be elongated, flattened, and drawn into every direction, without breaking.

Salmagundi.

LOVE'S EMBLEMS.

Love's sweetest emblems are the flowers,
The blushing flowers of Spring—
Then bring me, dear, to charm my hours,
Sweet leaves and blossoms bring.

I ask not gems of costly toys—
Their brightness ray is cold;
And ours are simpler, purer joys
Than can be won by gold.

The gems endure, the roses fade,
Yet something in the heart
Still tells that Love is best portrayed
By Nature—not by Art.

The dews, that tremble on the leaf,
But make its tints appear
More beautiful than aught so brief,
Except Love's smile and tear.

Their colors too, a sweeter bliss
To soul and soul convey
Than aught beside the early kiss
Of Love's unclouded sky.

Then bring me, dear, to charm my hours
Sweet leaves and blossoms bring;
Love's sweetest emblems are the flowers,
The blushing flowers of Spring.

THE FAKIR AGAIN.

A Cincinnati paper states that a stranger stepped into a dry goods store on fourth street, the other evening, and inquired for some blue ribbon. The polite clerk displayed the article before the purchaser, who concluded to take it. As the attendant leaned over to measure the ribbon, a large loaf of brown bread dropped from one side of his vest upon the counter! Somewhat alarmed, he started back, and a big cocoa-nut fell at his feet from the other side! Surprized and startled, he raised his hand to his forehead, and from the sleeves of his coat a steam of half dollars jingled out upon the floor. The clerk, dumbfounded, looked at the stranger—and but a single eye upon one side of his face graced his before pleasant countenance. He fell back against the shelves, and the next instant sprang towards his hat, which lay near by, on a pile of goods. As he was about to place his hand upon it, a grisly cat sprang from the inside, and darted out of the door! With a single bound he cleared the counter, and yelled for help at the top of his lungs! Upon opening his jaws a tickling sensation pervaded his mouth, and with a violent effort to expectorate, he blew out some dozen yards of blue ribbon, which streamed away towards the door, like a comet's pennant.

"I'll take the whole, when you've done that puffing, my friend," said the stranger, calmly.

"Take it—take it, and go!" roared the clerk.

The stranger laid the money on the counter, rolled up his ribbon very quietly himself, picked up his half dollars, and walked out.

"Did you know that customer?" asked the proprietor, who passed the stranger on the threshold.

"It's the Devil!" roared the clerk.

"Oh no!" replied the other, "that's the FAKIR OF AVA!"

OVERDONE POLITENESS.

The venerable Gen. H—— was for several consecutive years returned to Congress, and as the hotels and boarding house at Washington city in those days were all pretty much on a par, or rather below par, the members were in the habit of occupying, year after year, the same rooms. The table of Gen. H.'s boarding house (which was kept by a widow lady who had two daughters) was regularly furnished with stereotyped dinners, and at one end of the breakfast table there always appeared a *dish of mackerel*. Gen. H., whose seat was near the fish, had gazed so frequently upon it, (for it never was touched except by the cook) that he knew it "all by heart."

Now, if the distinguished Representative had any *one peculiar virtue*, it was an affectionate desire to make every person and every creature around him happy.

Well, in the course of time, Congress adjourned, and Gen. H. paid his bill to the widow and got ready to start for home. The stage stood at the door, and then the old gentleman showed the goodness of his heart. He took the widow by the hand and pressing it bade her farewell, then kissing the daughters, said he would like to see them in Ohio and furnish them with good husbands, &c.; but even this was not all. The black boys, who stood along the wall, were not forgotten, and grinned as he handed each a silver dollar, and as he passed around the breakfast table, which was not yet [illegible]

☞ A Dutchman, speaking of the [illegible] of one of his fellow-workmen, said, "He ish so thin dat, in de winter wen ish so cold as never was, he never wears drawers nor under-shirt, and goes barefooted in his boots!"

☞ The Boston Mail speaks of two young men in Maine, whose names were Rich, marrying two sisters named Wing, and then moving off to Illinois. This verifies the old proverb that "Riches take to themselves Wings and fly away."

Choice Selections.

WE SHALL BE HAPPY YET.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Fear not, beloved, though clouds may lower,
Whilst rainbow visions melt away,
Faith's holy star has still a power
That may the deepest midnight sway.
Fear not! I take a prophet's tone,
Our love can neither wane nor set;
My heart grows strong in trust—Mine Own,
We shall be happy yet!

What! though long anxious years have passed,
Since this true heart was vowed to thine,
There comes, for us, a light at last
Whose beam upon our path shall shine.
We who have loved 'midst doubts and fears,
Yet never with one hour's regret,
There comes a joy to gild our tears—
We shall be happy yet!

Ay, by the wandering birds, that find
A home beyond the mountain wave,
Though many a wave and storm combined
To bow them to an ocean grave—
By Summer suns that brightly rise
Though sunk in mournful seas they set,
By all Love's hopeful prophecies,
We shall be happy yet!

ROMANTIC STORY.

Many years ago, a lady sent her servant, a young man about twenty years of age, and a native of that part of the country where his mistress resided, to the neighboring town, with a ring which required some alteration, to be delivered into the hands of the jeweller. The young man went the shortest way, across the fields; and coming to a little wooden bridge that crossed a small stream, he leaned against the rail and took the ring out of its case to look at it. While doing so, it slipped out of his hand and fell into the water. In vain he searched for it, even until it grew dark. He thought it fell into the hollow of a stump of a tree, under water; but he could not find it. The time taken in the search was so long that he feared to return and tell his story, thinking it incredible, and that he should often be suspected of having gone into evil company and gamed it away or sold it. In this fear he determined never to return: left wages and clothes, and fairly ran away. This seemingly great misfortune was the making of him. His intermediate history I know not; but this, that after many years absence, either in the East or West Indies, he returned with a very considerable fortune. He now wished to clear himself with his old mistress; ascertained that she was living; purchased a diamond ring of great value, which he determined to present in person, and clear his character by telling his tale, which the credit of his present condition might testify. He then took the coach to the town of ——, and thence set out to walk the distance of a few miles. He found, I should tell you, on alighting, a gentleman who resided in the neighborhood, and who was bound for the adjacent village. They walked together, and in conversation, this former servant, now a gentleman, with graceful manners and agreeable address, communicated the circumstance that made him leave the country abruptly, many years before. As he was telling this, they came to the very wooden bridge. "There," said he, "it was just here that I dropped the ring, and there is the very bit of old tree into a hole of which it fell—just there." And at the same time he put down the point of his umbrella into the hole of a knot in the tree, and, drawing it up, to the astonishment of both, found the very ring on the ferule of the umbrella. I need not tell the rest but make this reflection—Why was it that he did not as easily find it immediately after it had fallen in? It was an incident like one of those in Parnell's *Hermit*, which, though a seeming chance, was of purpose, and most important.

☞ The great advantage of wearing wigs and false hair has been manifested recently, in a number of instances, where married men have been attacked by their wives, and would have lost all the natural hair they had, in case they had been possessed of the article.

The Olio.

CIVILIZATION AND BARBARISM.

The late accounts from the New Jersey coast where the John Minturn and other vessels were wrecked in the gale of the 14th ultimo, represent that every corpse has been found plundered of every article of value, the pockets turned inside out, and watches, rings, money, and other valuables unscrupulously appropriated, by these worse than pirates—these hyenas preying on the dead. A thrilling rebuke to this conduct is given by a correspondent of the New York Gazette, which exemplifies the difference between civilization and barbarism. This correspondent, some eleven months since was wrecked upon one of the Harvey Groupe of Islands in the South Pacific, the natives of which, not a great many years ago, were considered of such a fierce and cruel disposition, that the late Rev. Mr. Williams, the Father of Missions, was entreated by his friends not to trust himself among them. He refused to listen to their remonstrances—landed on one of the Islands—and the result of his labors and those of his worthy successors of the English Mission, is, that although at the time of the wreck of the ship referred to, property to a large amount, indeed to those Islanders, of almost incalculable value, was left for days and months exposed to their view, and accessible to them at all times, there was but one case of theft that came to his knowledge. The offender was almost immediately detected, tried by the Native authorities and punished most summarily. Such instances as these must make civilization blush at the backward step it has taken in humanity!

MODERN POETRY.—The following delectable little morsel is an extract from a "poem," furnished by a correspondent of the Northern Cabinet, over the signature of "Synonymous." Truly, the poets are not all dead yet!

"there was a man in canada,
a cobler by trade
he married him a hansom wife
and after words she Died
he married next a lasy
hur cheeks were like the rose
hur eyes like sparkling Dimons
True virtue did disclose
they settled down in stockholm
upon a pece of land
and there they bilt all for there use
a log house And a barn.
In just about 3 months from this,
there was a 'nother cry
that he had gave her her piece stuf
Oh! for to make her dy."

☞ A laughable incident is told of a nervous man, who imagined himself very sick; reports were in the neighborhood that he was given over by the doctor. He was observed early in the day, making rapid strides through the streets. His alarmed neighbor met him.

"How are you, friend?"

"Sick, very sick."

"Where now?"

"After some one to set up with me to-night; *I am so plagued for watchers that there is no one I can depend upon.*"

☞ The United States Hotel Co., at Boston, have appropriated $60,000 to build another addition to that already stupendous establishment. Large as it is, it cannot accommodate all the company that call; and it is proposed to extend the north wing on Lincoln street, to correspond with the extension on Kingston street.

☞ Archdeacon Fisher, having preached an old sermon once, which he was not aware that Constable had heard before, asked him how he liked it. "Very much, indeed, Fisher," replied Constable, "*I always did like that sermon.*"

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And we have about 430 others in use to the satisfaction of those who purchased them.

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dec 27-1y EVANS & WATSON

☞ EXTRAORDINARY ☜

A CURE OF BODY AND MIND.—The following is from a worthy citizen of Kensington, and a member of the Methodist Church.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 6th, 1846.

DR. D. JAYNE.—Dear Sir:—Justice compels me to make the following statement of the extraordinary effects of your valuable medicine, the ALTERATIVE.

I certify that my wife was afflicted for fourteen years, during which time her diseases baffled the skill of several eminent physicians. Finding that every means that were used fail to relieve her, I concluded to place her in the Pennsylvania Hospital, hoping that under the care and treatment she would there receive from the physicians in that institution, she might again be restored to health.—But to my great disappointment, she grew worse and became deranged in her mind, and I was obliged to take her home again, "incurable" and BEREFT OF REASON. I will here mention that at this time the more prominent symptoms of her disease were Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, attended with sickness of the stomach, and vomiting of a very offensive fœtid mucous, pains in her head, back and stomach, and through the region of the heart, a troublesome cough from large quantities of phlegm in her throat, which kept her continually gagging and retching to throw up. She had no appetite, and was very weak. She also suffered very much from a uterine disease by which she was confined to her bed, having entirely lost the use of her limbs, and for several months we had to lift her in and out of bed. Add to all the above the deranged state of her mind, (which at this time was truly awful,) and you will be able to form some idea of her afflictions.

By the advice of a friend we commenced giving her your Alterative, in the doses of a teaspoonful three times a day, and found that it helped her. We also gave her your Vermifuge, to increase her appetite, and the Sanative Pills to regulate her bowels. She had not taken two bottles of the Alterative, before it operated upon her in a wonderful manner, filling her face with small red pimples, and caused her to expectorate large quantities of corruption, before which, her breath was so offensive we could not remain in the room with her unless the doors were open. Finding the Alterative doing her so much good, we increased the dose according to the directions, and she continued to improve daily, until finally, she was restored to health, in body as well as in mind.

I hope you will delay no time in laying this before the public, as I am willing to be qualified at any time to the truth of the above statement, and that it was your Alterative which cured her.

All persons will be convinced of the truth of this statement, by calling at my house, in BEDFORD st. above Marlboro. Yours, with respect, SAML. FIELDS

Prepared at No. 8 SOUTH THIRD St. jan 31-3m

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FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, viz:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules, on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy, Exposure or Imprudence in Life. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be removed by this Medicine.

IN THIS PREPARATION ARE STRONGLY concentrated all the medicinal properties of Sarsaparilla, compounded with other valuable extracts, the whole strength of which is extracted on an entirely new principle. The great object desired in now accomplished, in the production of a remedy possessing a controlling power over supposed hitherto incurable diseases.

The afflicted, or those who may have been given up in despair, and all who are interested, are invited to make a trial of this valuable medicine, or to call on those who have come forward and borne public testimony of its priceless value to them, and satisfy themselves individually of its power in arresting and curing disease, and of what it has done for others.

The following was addressed to our Agent at Savannah:

Ogechee Cross Road, Ga., August 24, 1845.

Mr. G. R. Hendrickson, Savannah.

Dear Sir—Having just recovered from a most severe Chronic Rheumatism, with which I have been afflicted for many years, and having used various remedies without any success, I am induced to write to you in respect to Sands' Sarsaparilla, to which valuable medicine I now owe my present enjoyment of health. Despairing of ever recovering from this distressing disease, and, while laboring under the most acute agony and pain, I was persuaded to try the Sarsaparilla so highly recommended for the cure of rheumatism. I tried one bottle, and the little benefit I derived from that one, induced me to give it a fair trial, which I did, by sending down to you for half a dozen bottles; and am now happy to say I find myself for the first time in twelve years, well and able to attend to my necessary duties. I send you this through a feeling of gratitude, due this excellent medicine, and a sense of obligation to my fellow beings, that those similarly afflicted, may be induced to try this valuable remedy, Sands' Sarsaparilla.

Yours, with respect, &c. DANIEL FOX.

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